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Review of New Books.

Happiness; a Tale for the Grave and the Gay. London, 1821. 2 vols. 12mo. F. Westley.

As every one is desirous of taking up "Happiness" as soon as possible, we found ourselves engaged in this work very speedily after its publication. What to call it precisely we really do not know; it has the externals of a novel, the internals of a polemical tract. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Perhaps the author has himself hinted at what the world may call it in his second volume, where he makes one of his fashionable *drangis personee* say, "The Circulating Library is no longer the Opponent, but the Ally of Methodism. Behind the title-page of a Novel, lurks in ambush a dull Evangelical Homily."

Be this as it may, the success of the preceding tale of "*No Fiction*," from the same pen, (that, we have heard, of a dissenting clergyman at a celebrated sea-bathing town,) would entitle "Happiness" to our notice, even were we ignorant of the fact that its religious principles are calculated to recommend it to a numerous class of readers, while they exclude it from the regards of another class not fewer in account. For though the writer states it to be "for the grave and the gay," we fancy that whatever the former may do, the latter will not impose on themselves the punishment to them of wading through two such tedious tomes.

The story is that of a Miss Emily Thornhill and a Miss Louisa Delaval, two young ladies of high birth and fashion, who are contrasted, the one as yielding to the follies of life, the other as taking a serious turn and becoming a Methodist. Miss Thornhill marries a dandy of the name of Dormer, who gambles away her estate and treats her brutally, while her more happy friend meets with an enlightened guide in a Mrs. Wilmington, and finally unites her fate to that of a Mr. De Clifford, who, during a temporary seduction into infidel opinions, abandons and breaks the heart of Mrs. Wilmington's only daughter, but becomes regenerated and worthy of the second saint to whom he forms an attachment. These are the principal characters; and the readers of novels will be inclined to ask in what way, humanly speaking, the feelings of any of them could consist with *Happiness*? Whether the wretched wife, the libertine husband, the soul-wounded girl, the bereaved mother, the reclaimed maniac, and the converted *belle*, form a group at all in unison with the title of the book? But the author takes a higher stand—His answer

is, that happiness is not of this world but of the next, and that the earthly sufferings of these beings is only preparatory to their eternal blessedness. We are free to confess, that we think he chasteneth his virtuous creatures too much; the moral would have been more likely to find proselytes had he shown that felicity here, even in the lowest sense of the word, is by no means incompatible with everlasting joy hereafter.

But as we never enter into theological disquisitions when brought in a regular shape before us, we will not be tempted into controversy by the disguise of a novel: we will only repeat for the author what one of our brave captains called out to Lord Collingwood as he passed in bearing down to relieve him from two French ships, which were peppering him soundly at Trafalgar:—"Hurrah! Collingwood! 'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,' eh?—you are a happy fellow." And as the incidents of the tale are so scanty as to have been already summed up in our very brief preface, we have no mode left of exhibiting its characteristics but by quoting, with remarks, some of the writer's prominent doctrines. That he is of the rougher sex is evident from certain coarse words, such as the "*glouting* of holy monks," and from the absence of that fine tact which would have marked the production of a female author of the same abilities. He paints the fashionable world, too, very like a novice in such matters; for no one that ever mixed in the company of persons of rank could mistake such descriptions as he has given us of routs and parties for aught but caricature:—

"To the moralist, (he says,) a fashionable ball-room exhibits a strange and very humiliating picture of human nature. Considered simply in the light of an amusement, where the intelligent, the virtuous, and the polite mingle, during a few hours of relaxation, to increase the sum of individual gaiety by mutual participation, the spectacle would indeed be exhilarating and joyous. But this is not the character of any of the misnamed pleasures of the world. They are not the recreation, for to this they are ill adapted, but they are the business of existence. The early and the best part of life is spent in qualifying the frequenters of balls and routs to appear among their kindred triflers with *clout*. And after the severe and protracted task of preparation is ended, and the well-disciplined animals are privileged to herd together, where whim and fashion may conduct them, the whole intervening time is wasted in adjusting and determining what parties they shall visit, what dresses they shall wear, what nonsense they shall utter, what friends betray, and what rivals annoy.

"The 'trysting place' is the scene of combat rather than of social intercourse. The skirmishes of vanity in which every belle and every beau is striving to excel and outshine their innumerable compeers, are maintained with a dexterity and steadiness worthy of a better cause. Instead of a disposition to please and to be pleased, its semblance only is assumed; and, under this deceitful guise, lurk envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. The exultation of triumph, and the mortification of defeat, divide the whole gay and volatile assemblage. All are odious in each other's eyes, and the only real pleasure that lights up any countenance, arises from the consciousness of having inflicted pain, and the irradiation springs from the fires of the bottomless pit."

This is sad and sour stuff; but our author is a professed *Tolerant*, of which more anon. His whole sequent account of the ball, so stigmatized in its essence, is worthy of the same hand; vulgar people talk, fops prate, dowagers quarrel at cards, and a misanthrope preaches on the debasement of the female character in a style we will venture to pronounce never seen nor heard in any such assembly.

To the stage the author is as inimical as to the ball-room, but there is some more of the semblance of truth in his philippic on that subject. We select his animadversions on his heroine's going to the play, in her ride to which a dreadful thunder-storm shook the metropolis:—

"With a reverential impression of the greatness of Him, whose mighty voice speaks in the thunder, who 'rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm,' she entered the theatre just at the moment when the mimic thunder and lightning of the first scene in '*Bartram*,' broke the charm of her feelings. With the very glories of the infinite Majesty flashing before her eyes, her heart almost died within her, at this impious aping of the Divinity, at this presumptuous attempt to personate the Almighty, in what appeared to her the grand prerogative of his being. It seemed to her a mockery and an insult, offered to the God of Nature, at the awful moment when he was proclaiming his omnipotence to a trembling world. This alone would have been sufficient to deprive her of all gratification from the evening's amusements. But the sudden transition she had experienced from the Sanctuary, the haunts and the associates of piety—to the Temple, the scenes, and the company of the world, forced upon her a conviction of the amazing distance between the two. She seemed to have crossed a great gulph, and, by one bound, to have passed from Heaven to Earth. Her memory recurred to

the last time she had visited a theatre, and she felt, that she was now a totally different being from her former self. Then, although there was little to gratify, there was nothing to offend—she sighed for something better; but was contented, at least not disgusted. But now, the *tout ensemble*, and every part of the spectacle around her, revolted her feelings, and inflicted a pang upon her heart. The audience, composed as it was of immortal beings, totally unmindful of this high distinction of their nature, and devoting their noblest faculties to folly and vice, living without thought, without hope, and without God, inventing expedients to procure a complete oblivion of the future, to abuse reason, and lull conscience, in the fatal sleep of moral death, inspired her with the deepest sorrow.

"The stage itself excited in her bosom mingled sensations of grief and indignation, and she was astonished that she could ever have endured the horrible principles and actions which it inculcated and applauded. Debauchees and profligates by profession, appearing in the habit and character of Ministers of Religion, profaning the awful name of God, and uttering from their unhallowed lips the sublime mysteries of Christianity, shocked her even more than open ribaldry and blasphemy. She felt, that Religion and the Priesthood were too sacred to be exhibited for mere amusement, and especially for the despicable purpose of giving effect to scenic representations, which, for the most part, are at war with piety, and subversive of its influence. In the present instance, she was confounded that a Clergyman of a Protestant Church, should so far degrade himself as to prepare a tragedy for actual exhibition, which was not only inconsistent with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, but the evident intention of which was to emblazon infernal energy, and to excite powerful sympathy in favour of a character that deserves nothing but unqualified detestation,—a sublime monster of preternatural wickedness, the dark creation of a mind of purer mould, that has condescended to imitate the models of that infidel poet, whose name and writings are a reproach to our age and nation."

"With every act, and every scene, the disgust of Louisa increased. The horrid grossness of depravity, that is implied as perpetrated during the performance, which outrages all decency, and is almost without

* "Should the admirers of the Author of Don Juan think the above censure too strong, let the earlier Muse of his Lordship instruct them how to feel and to speak of their execrable idol. In the only production of Byron, which contains a line friendly to virtue, we have the following censure on Anacreon Moore:—

"Tis little! Young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Grief'd to condemn, the Muse must still be
just,

Not spare melodious advocates of Lust!
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns,
From grosser incense with disgust she turns.
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee mend thy line, and sin no more.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

a precedent, even in Germanic immorality, offended her delicacy, and made her shrink ashamed from the gaze of every eye. She was amazed, that the actress, who personated the guilty Imogene, could dare to appear again before the audience; and, in the last scene, the prostitution of Religion, the hideous display of hardened impiety and remorseless wickedness, invested with attributes which neutralize all the evil, and awaken pity, and even admiration, towards crime and infamy, were too much for her patience, and she resolved instantly to quit the theatre. Complaining of indisposition, she retired with Emily."

This extract and note are not the only visitings of fierce indignation upon Lord Byron and the "Satanic School" of poetry: in many other passages the author inveighs deeply against the perversion of talent in that Noble Bard, and the detestable inculcations of his weak imitators. And this not without foundation, for though we do not go the whole way with him, we must agree, that much that is pernicious and monstrous has flowed from these fountains.

We have observed that the author professes to be a Tolgrant, a *Moderé* in all things, and a *Liberal* in religion. "It is (he declares) sufficiently disgusting, when one man has the insolence to propose the gauge of his own understanding as the measure of another's; but when, in addition to this, he labours to deprive all whose minds are formed according to a different standard, of their civil rights and immortal hopes, he becomes an apostate from the gospel, and the enemy of his species."

"All this is assumed in the very principle of toleration. It is, in fact, graduated persecution. It condemns my thoughts and my creed; but mitigates the penalty. It views me as a criminal, and only refrains from punishing me. No human tribunal ought to take cognizance of an error in judgment; for it comprehends no offence against the order or the happiness of society. A man is not master of his own sentiments to believe, or disbelieve, just what is prescribed to him, or what he pleases. Can it be a crime for one not to be a logician? Conscience does not teach us to reason well, but to act right."

Nothing can be finer than this, *euphonia gratia*; but when the giver of the precept comes to speak of other sects and creeds besides his own, we do not discover that he is altogether so gentle in his language or sentiments. For example, he, with one exception, (that of an Evangelical preacher,) holds up the Ministers of the Established Church to ridicule or detestation. Emily tells Louisa, "I have seen many an old woman in lawn sleeves, and I see no reason why a young one may not take the gown." A sermon by one churchman (a sample of the reproaches generally thrown out on all similar occasions) is thus described:—

"During the interval between the clergyman's quitting the desk and ascending the pulpit, she felt the most awful suspense; anxiously hoping that the preacher might pursue what the reader had begun, and that some directions might be given to enable

her to obtain the support and consolation she so earnestly desired; how was she mortified to discover, that with his surplice the priest had lost his piety, and that in the pulpit he differed in the most essential points from the sentiments he had uttered in the desk. Instead of solemnity she was grieved to observe elegant trifling, in place of fervour the most chilling apathy. From the discourse (if we may dignify a ten minutes' languid harangue with so honourable an appellation) she learnt that a life of vain and worldly pleasure was by no means inconsistent with the spirit of devotion; that fashion and religion were compatible; that the morality of the Gospel must not be too strictly enforced; that the striking language of exhortation in the Bible was to be considered as addressed to Heathen idolaters, sunk in the lowest barbarism and sensuality; but that it was not to be pressed in all its energy of meaning upon civilized Christians; that if understood literally, it could not be adapted to the state of human nature: that if spiritual and preceptive Christianity were what it is described to be by a modern sect, which had even dared to obtrude itself into the church by law established, few, if any, could be saved; that men were expressly enjoined not to be righteous over much; that if we went to church, performed our duty, and received the sacrament, God was bound to give us eternal life.

"The preacher was too polite to offend his audience by the severity of reproof, had too exalted an opinion of our common nature to suppose that we could be sinners, (at least in the vulgar scriptural sense of the term,) and too little concern for the interests of real religion to urge its necessity. Indeed, the Gospel had never been his study; he had received the education of a college, and, with a very moderate share of its learning, had acquired certain unclerical, not to say licentious habits, which all the discipline of *Alma Mater*, vigilant and severe as it is said to be, cannot entirely prevent among her sons. He had taken orders because the church was a genteel profession, and preached as often as necessity obliged him. The morality of his discourses, manufactured—not by himself, but by the grand empiric, the dry-nurse of the church, was more lax than the morality of Epicurus; his delivery—the reading of a school-boy of the lower forms; and his theology—Deism with a Christian mask. He was indifferent to all religion, but, as in duty bound, to his own church a furious and persecuting bigot."

And the "large proportion of churchmen are asserted to be as widely different from Hooker as from Calvin; from the avowed and accredited Fathers of their Church, as from him they denounce as a subtle and gloomy Heresiarch; that in fact they are neither Calvinists nor Pelagians, Predestinarians nor Armenians, but simply *nothingities*, caring only for worldly aggrandizement, and merging all other duties in the zealous performance of one, on which, in their estimation, hang both the law and the prophets, namely, the duty of obtaining

a better living, or a richer stall, of running the race set before them, from a curacy to Landaff, and from Landaff to Canterbury."

In such sweeping censures we look in vain for the christian charity professed when the writer claims tolerance for his own tenets: Nor is he more tender of seceders from the church (if not of his own way of thinking) than of the church itself. We have for instance a history of the new Sectarians called *The Union*, (Mr. Kemp's people, we believe,) whom he treats with the utmost burlesque and satire; as this 'division' is little known out of its own pale, we shall transcribe some of the particulars of a meeting, such as Louisa is described to have been present at, on the invitation of the Hon. Miss Clement:—but this would stretch our review too much for one Number, and must be deferred till next week.

HOWISON'S SKETCHES OF CANADA.

WE last Saturday reported the general character of this publication, stated the course of the author's travels, and offered such extracts from his pages as seemed most likely to represent it fairly and gratify our readers. What remains for us to do is consequently confined to the last of these three branches, and we now resume our selections.

We lament to observe, that the picture of the people of Upper Canada is of a very forbidding complexion:—

"Although (says Mr. H.) there has long been an established presbyterian church at St. Catharine's, yet a large number of the people in its vicinity profess Methodism, and carry their religious mania to an immoderate height. Meetings are held at different houses, three or four times a-week. At some of these I have seen degrees of fanaticism and extravagance exhibited, both by the preachers and congregation, which were degrading to human nature. Several of the inhabitants of the place, like most other people in Upper Canada, are fond of dancing and playing at cards; but the Methodists, of course, condemn these amusements; for they made it a general practice, to pray that those addicted to them might be converted, and that the Almighty would not let loose his wrath on the village of St. Catharine's; while their own lives were, in many instances, one continued outrage against decency, decorum, and virtue.

"Between Queenston and the head of Lake Ontario the farms are in a high state of cultivation, and their possessors are comparatively wealthy. Some of them contain more than one hundred and fifty acres of cleared land, the fields of which have become smooth and level from frequent ploughing, and are not disfigured by stumps or decayed timber. A great majority of the individuals who are owners of these farms, came to the Province twenty or thirty years ago in the character of needy adventurers, and either received the then unimproved land from government, or purchased it for a trifle. At first they had many difficulties

to contend with; but these have now disappeared, and they reap the full produce of their labour, being neither burthened by rents, nor encumbered with taxes. Many of them possess thirty or forty head of cattle, and annually store up two or three thousand bushels of grain in their barns; but this amelioration in their condition, unfortunately, has not produced a corresponding effect upon their manners, character, or mode of life. They are still the same untutored, incorrigible beings that they probably were, when, the ruffian remnant of a disbanded regiment, or the outlawed refuse of some European nation, they sought refuge in the wilds of Upper Canada, aware that they would neither find means of subsistence, nor be countenanced in any civilized country. Their original depravity has been confirmed and increased by the circumstances in which they are now placed. Possessing farms which render them independent of the better classes of society, they can, within certain limits, be as bold, unconstrained, and obtrusive as they please, in their behaviour towards their superiors; for they neither look to them for subsistence, nor for any thing else. They now consider themselves on an equality with those to whom, in former times, the hope of gain would have made them crouch like slaves: and tacitly avow their contempt of the better part of society, by avoiding the slightest approximation towards them, so far as regards habits, appearance, or mode of life."

Yet the author occasionally paints this province ("beautiful and happy shores") as inviting to emigration. To us it seems hardly a remove less brutal and barbarous than the settlements in the United States. The use of ardent spirits is almost as general, and drunkenness is superadded to lawless ferocity. The advantages in both Canada and the Union are simply those which may be obtained any where that man chooses, and has it in his power to approximate savage life, and to abandon civilization, rather than enjoy its necessary restraints with its ennobling refinements. There is something, doubtless, in being the lord even of desolation; in cutting one's own wood for fuel, and labouring one's own soil for subsistence, and carrying an axe, and shooting deer, and herding with wild Indians; but for these delights what are the sacrifices? Our native home and country, the society of human beings like ourselves, the protection of equal laws, and all the blessings of civilized communion. Those who wish to make the exchange as favourably as it can possibly be made, will find information to their purpose in the 14th and 15th chapters of the book before us. We have spoken of the character of the population and of their addiction to drunkenness: at a tavern Mr. H. tells us—

"Fatigued as I was, I enjoyed but little sleep in consequence of the noise made by the troop of Bacchanals who caroused in the apartment immediately under mine, and continued their orgies during the whole night. Next morning the public room of the tavern presented a shocking

spectacle; bottles, glasses, benches, and drunk men, being scattered promiscuously upon the floor. All sorts of people are detestable when under the influence of ardent spirits, but the Americans particularly so. It is sometimes contended, that a slight degree of intoxication makes diffident and reserved persons more agreeable than they naturally are, by rendering them free and communicative; but the *mauvais honte* being totally unknown among the lower orders of the Americans, they do not require any stimulus to induce them to exhibit their powers and propensities. Therefore, the influence of liquor only serves to draw forth their natural coarseness, insolence, and rankness of feeling, and to make them as it were caricatures of themselves. Whoever wishes to attain a just conception of the enormity which the human character assumes when unchecked by restraint, undefined by education, and unmodelled by dependence, should spend an hour in the bar-room of some low tavern in Upper Canada, when a party of common farmers are drinking together."

But we are glad to change the scene for contemplation: the following sketches of a River Thames (which flows into Erie) is very dissimilar to any thing on its older namesake. The author, travelling by night, loses his road, but says—

"Upon hearing the sound of voices, I continued to advance, and soon found myself on the bank of the Thames. A vivid glare of light illumined every object around, but, as there was a little turn in the course of the river, I could not at first discover whence the radiance proceeded; in a few moments, however, a large raft, in which were five Indians and a blazing fire of hickory bark, appeared floating down the stream. Two of the Indians held torches in their hands, and a couple of dogs sat in a small canoe that lay alongside. A column of smoke rose from the fire, which extending itself into ruddy volumes, hovered above the raft like a canopy, as it slowly glided down the refulgent current of the Thames, and rivetted my eyes. My attention was soon drawn to the opposite shore by a young deer, which had sprung from the thicket, and stood stedfastly gazing upon the savages in an attitude of beautiful astonishment. In a moment three rifles were levelled at it. They were discharged, and it dropped down. The Indians raised a triumphant shout, and waved their torches, while a couple of them jumped into the canoe, and, accompanied by the dogs, paddled rapidly to the shore. But when they landed, the deer, which had merely been wounded, sprung upon its legs again, and rushed into the forest. The dogs being dispatched to turn it, barked incessantly; the Indians on shore shouted and whistled to encourage them, and those upon the raft called loudly to their companions in tones of anger and impatience. The dogs soon succeeded in getting a-head of the deer, and driving it to the shore, but it immediately plunged into the river, and, having swam towards a little bay that lay in the shade it disappeared, to the great disappointment

of the hunters. The raft had now floated far below the point at which the Indians had landed with the canoe, so that they hastily embarked, and paddled down the stream towards it. When they reached their companions, they were taken on board, and the whole party moved down the river, illumining the woods, and decoying their inhabitants into destruction.

"This kind of hunting is practised, I believe, by the North American Indians only. The brightness of the fire allures the deer, and several other kinds of game, to the sides of the river, where they are so much exposed to the shots of the hunters, that they very rarely escape."

"At one of the houses where I stopped to feed my horse, they showed me a specimen of mineral oil, that is found in considerable quantities upon the surface of the Thames. It flows from an aperture in the bank of the river, and three or four pints can be skimmed off the water daily. It very much resembles petroleum, being of thick consistence and black colour, and having a strong penetrating odour. The people employ it medicinally; and I was told, that its external application proved highly beneficial in cases of cramp, rheumatism, and other complaints of a similar kind.

"In this house there was a woman afflicted with an acute rheumatism. She had tried the mineral oil without receiving any benefit from it, and consequently had been induced to put herself into the hands of one of the doctors of the settlement. This gentleman happened to make his daily visit when I was present, and entered the room, carrying a pair of large saddle-bags, in which phials and gallipots were heard clattering against each other in a most formidable manner. He did not deign to take off his hat, but advanced to his patient, and shook hands, saying, 'How d'ye do, my good lady, how d'ye do?'—'Oh, doctor,' cried the patient, 'I was wishing to see you—very bad—I don't calculate upon ever getting smart again.'—'Hoity, toity!' returned the doctor, 'you look a thundering sight better than you did yesterday!'—'Better!' exclaimed the sick woman, 'no, doctor, I'm no better—I'm going to die in your hands.'—'My dear good lady,' cried the doctor, 'I'll bet a pint of spirits I'll raise you in five days, and make you so spry, that you'll dance upon this floor.'—'Oh!' said the woman, 'if I had but the root doctor that used to attend our family at Connecticut; he was a dreadful sheepful man.' Here they were interrupted by the entrance of her husband, who was a clumsy, credulous-looking person. 'Good morning to you, doctor, said he, 'what's the word?'—'Nothing new or strange, sir,' returned the doctor. 'Well now, doctor,' continued the husband, 'how do you find that there woman?'—'No better, I conclude?—I guess as how it would be as well to let you understand plainly, that if you can't do her never no good, I wouldn't wish to be run into no expenses—pretty low times, doctor—money's out of the question. Now, sir, can you raise that there woman?'—'Yes, my good sir,' cried the doctor con-

fidently, 'yes, I can—I offered to bet a pint with her this moment, and I'll make it a quart if you please, my dear friend.'—'But, doctor, are you up to the *natur* of her ailment?' inquired the husband. 'Oh! perfectly,' said the other, 'nothing more simple; it arises entirely from obstruction and constitutional idiosyncrasy, and is seated under the muscular fascia. Some casual excitement has increased the action of the absorbent vessels so much, that they have drawn the blood from the different parts of the body, and occasioned the pain and debility that is now present.'—'Well now, doctor,' cried the husband, 'I swear you talk like a lawyer; and I begin to have hopes that you'll be pretty considerably apt to raise my woman.' The doctor now opened his saddle-bags, and, having set forth many small parcels and dirty phials upon the table, began to compound several recipes for his patient, who, when she saw him employed in this way, put out her head between the curtains of the bed, and cried, 'Doctor, don't forget to leave something for the debilitation.' When he had finished he packed up his laboratory, and ordered that something he had left should be infused in a pint of whiskey, and that a table-spoonful of the fluid should be taken three times a-day. 'Will that raise me sick?' said the woman; 'I guess I had as well take it four times a-day.' As the doctor was mounting his horse, I heard the farmer say, 'Doctor, don't be afraid about your pay, I'll see you satisfied; money, you know's out of the question, but I've plenty of good buck-wheat.'

"The Indians," we are elsewhere informed, "are in possession of some valuable secrets, which nothing will induce them to disclose to any white person. They dye the quills of the porcupine, and other substances, of colours more beautiful and permanent than any we know how to produce, and are acquainted with various vegetables that possess strong medicinal powers. Some can prepare a bait which never fails to allure certain animals into the traps set for them; and almost every Indian knows where salt springs are to be found: but these being the resort of deer, &c. they are particularly unwilling to tell where they are situated, lest other hunters should frequent them and destroy the game.

"The white person who appears to have most influence with the Indians is Major Norton. He has married one of their women, lives among them, talks their language, and conforms to many of their customs."

We will not enlarge farther on Mr. Howison's Canadian Sketches, especially as he has left us some other matter to mention in a sort of Appendix, intitled,

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES, into which he journeyed from the British dominions, and crossed *via* Lewiston, Cambria, Rochester, Waterloo, Auburn, Utica, Albany, and to New York. His mode of travelling from Lewiston was by a one-horse waggon, and the subjoined dialogue between the driver and the landlord of a small tavern by the road side, is characteristic of this amiable race:—

"Landlord. Good morning, gentlemen.—Driver. Good morning, mister.—L. Very warm, but pretty considerable of air stirring.—D. I guess so. Can we get any thing to drink?—L. Well, I suppose you can. What liquor would you please to have?—D. Brandy, I guess.—L. We've got nothing in the house but whiskey, sir.—D. Let us have some then; by God I'll treat; but where's Bill?—L. Cleared out, I guess.—D. What an almighty shame! and where's his family?—L. Cleared out too, mister.—D. Tarnation! well, I vow one feels pretty damned cheap, when a fellow clears out without paying scores.—L. By the life he does; but here's success to Bill, (*drinking*) though he owes me for a pair of shoes.—D. Bill owes me eight dollars and fifty-seven cents and a half.—L. Cash?—Ho, good morning to you! no, no, I'll be satisfied with three hundred rails and some leather, (*a pause*.) Bill knows what he's about; did he clear out sick?—L. Yes, mister, right off; but I guess he's still in the bush, and I swear I could find him if I had a mind.—D. Bill will steer southward.—L. I guess he will; howsoever, here's success to Bill, and damn the shoes."

This fellow (the driver's) brief history of himself is in the same style:—

"Although I drive the mail," said he, "I guess I'm not obliged to, for I have a farm where I can take my ease, and tigger about independent of any one. Some of you English, I know, would feel pretty damned small when driving a stage; but in America we are all equal, when our employments are honest ones—and why not? for we cannot choose our station, howsoever much we may try to. Aye, man appoints, and God disappoints. Had things turned out different, I might have been president of the States, and Jem Monroe coach-driver."

The following sample of conversation, at a tea table *d'hôte*, is also a ludicrous jargon:

"Take some beef, squire.—No, I guess not, I don't feel much like eating to-night.—Squire, is your cip out?—It will be so right off, ma'am.—My tea is too strong.—I conclude you're nervous, sir.—I vow, ma'am, I can't sleep when I take much tea.—Indeed I like tea, it makes me feel good.—I agree with you, I never feel so spry as when I've got a good raft of tea aboard of me.—I calculate upon there being some electricity in tea, it makes one feel so smart.—An't you from Canada lately, mister? how are politics there?—Nothing stirring in that way, sir.—I conclude to go there very soon, and hope to see you; and if I can rip out your quarters, I'll give you a damned blow up.—Well now, I shall feel pretty considerably tickled to see you.—You didn't stay long at Canandagua?—No, I dined at full jump, and went right off in the stage, which carried me slick to this place.—I fear that little shaver (child) is troubling on you, sir.—Not at all, ma'am, pretty considerable of a boy, I guess.—Yes, sir, only three years old, and knows his letters.—He was in the *ebbs* and *ebbs* last week.—He must be awfully smart!!!"

In the Author's remarks on New York, we find nothing very novel or worthy of notice: as we lately, however, copied from the American journals something highly encomiastic about their famous native artist, Col. Trumbull, we may as well set down the Scottish traveller's opinion of him:—

"The native painter most highly esteemed among them at present is Colonel Trumbull. Government has engaged that gentleman to execute a series of national pictures for the decoration of the Hall of Congress, for every one of which he is to receive the sum of 4000 dollars. Last summer he had finished two, the subjects of which are, the declaration of independence, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The last I saw while in New York; but was greatly disappointed in finding its merits much inferior to what I had anticipated. Colonel Trumbull is the most lady-like painter in the world; his colours appear to be laid on with the utmost timidity; he shows as much aversion to strong shadows as the Chinese do; and his faces have an expression of red-cheeked stupidity about them, which denotes a corresponding want of soul in the artist. However, in justice to Colonel Trumbull, it ought to be stated that his subject is an unfortunate one. The picture represents the French and American armies drawn out in lines opposite to each other, and surveying the British, who march between them, deprived of the honours of war; and surely no object can be further from ideal beauty than soldiers standing stiff in their ranks, and dressed in pipe-cased breeches, white belts, and black gaiters. Had the colonel put a row of poplar trees (which, by the bye, the Americans admire very much) parallel to each of the armies, the composition and expression of his picture would have been complete."

Our Author also took a rapid run to Philadelphia; but our limits are run out, and we bid him and his volume—*adieu*.

THE ORIGIN OF WRITING.*

ASINGULAR custom still prevails at Pamphrey, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire. The Court-leet holden annually for that manor, is opened *sub dio*, in a small piece of ground called Lady-Mead, which belongs to the tithingman for the year. Thence an adjournment is made to a neighbouring public house. The proceedings of the court are recorded on a *piece of wood*, called a *Tally*, about three feet long, and an inch and a half square, furnished every year by the steward. One of these singular records, was some time ago produced in evidence in a law-suit at Winchester. The mode of keeping accounts by *Tallies*, or cleft pieces of wood, in which the notches are cut on one piece conformably to the other, one part being kept by the creditor, the other by the debtor, is still practised in many parts of England, in particular cases. A *Tally* continues to be given by the Exchequer, to those who pay money there upon loans;

hence the origin of the *Teller*, or *Tally-writer* of the Exchequer; and also of the phrase *to tally*, to fit, to suit, or answer exactly.

The *Scythians* also conveyed their ideas by marking, or cutting, certain figures and a variety of lines upon splinters or billets of wood; and amongst the *Lacedemonians*, the *Scytale Laconica* was a little round staff, which they made use of to write their secret letters. In the Apocrypha, (2 Esdras, xiv 24. 37. 44.) we read of a considerable number, i. e. 204 books being made of *Box-wood*, and written upon in the open field by certain swift writers. *Aulus Gellius* (Lib. ii. ch. 12.) says, that the ancient laws of Solon, preserved at Athens, were cut in tablets of wood, and denominated *Axones*. These were quadrangular, and so contrived as to turn on axes, and to present their contents on all sides to the eyes of the passengers. The laws on these wooden tables, as well as those on stone, were inscribed after the manner called *Boustrophedon*, that is, the first line beginning from right to left, or from left to right, and the second in an opposite direction, as ploughmen trace their furrows; as in the following words, copied from an inscription on a Marble in the National Museum at Paris.

NEKEΘENAM IOAAAT
APIOTOKIAEΞ NOEEN

(em decalp sullyH"
(Aristoclydes made me."

A somewhat similar mode of writing obtained among the ancient Irish, by whom it was denominated *Cionn fa cíte*.

The *Boustrophedon* writing is said to have been disused by the Greeks, about four hundred and fifty-seven years before the Christian era, but was in use among the Irish at a much later period.

It is highly probable also, that several of the Prophets wrote upon *Tablets of Wood*, or some similar substance. (See Isaiah xxx. 8. Habakkuk ii. 2.) Zecharias, the father of John the Baptist, when required to name his son, 'asked for a Writing-Table, and wrote, saying his name is John.' (Luke i. 63.) These *Table-books*, the Romans denominated *Pugillares*. Smaller tablets were also frequently in use, made of wood cut into thin slices, and finely planed and polished.

In the year 485, during the reign of the Emperor Zeno, the remains of St. Barnabas are said to have been found near Salamis, with a *Copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew in Hebrew*, laid upon his breast, written with his own hand, upon leaves of *Thyine-wood*, a kind of wood particularly odoriferous and valuable. (Suid. Lex. v. ΘΥΜΑ.) Tablets of this kind were generally covered with wax, sometimes also with chalk, or plaster; and written upon with styles or bodkins. In epistolary correspondence, they were tied together with thread, and the seal put upon the knot. These tablets, when collected and fastened together, composed a book, called *Codex* or *Caudex*, i. e. a trunk, from its resemblance to the trunk of a tree, sawed into planks; but when they consisted of only two leaves, they were termed *libri diptychi*.

Waxen Tablets continued to be occasionally used till a very late period. Du Cange cites the following lines from a French Metrical Romance, written about A. D. 1276.

"Les uns se prennent à écrire,
Des greffes en tables de cire;
Les autres suivent la coutume
De former lettres à la plume.
Some with the antiquated style,
On waxen tablets promptly write;
Others, with finer pen, the while
Form letters lovelier to the sight."

There are many ample and authentic records of the Royal Household of France, of the 13th and 14th centuries, still preserved, written on *waxen tablets*. In the Religious Houses in France, they were constantly kept for temporary notation; and for registering the Capitular Acts of the Monasteries. Specimens of Wooden Tables filled up with wax, and constructed in the fourteenth century, were formerly preserved in several of the monastic libraries. Some of these contained the household expenses of the Sovereigns, &c. and consisted of as many as twenty pages, formed into a book by means of parchment bands glued to the backs of the leaves. One remaining in the Abbey of St. Germaine des-près at Paris, recorded the expenses of Philip le Bel, during a journey that he made in the year 1307, on a visit to Pope Clement V; a single leaf of this *Table Book* is exhibited in the *Nouveau traité de diplomatique*, tom. i. p. 468. Amongst the monks of St. Victor of Paris, where the rule of silence was rigorously observed, certain signs were enjoined to prevent the necessity of speaking; Du Cange (v. *Signa*) notices many of them, and among others, those by which they asked for the Style and Tablet. In an account-roll of Winchester college for the year 1395, there is an article of disbursement, for a tablet covered with *green wax*, to be kept in the Chapel for noting down with a style, the respective courses of duty alternately assigned to the officers of the choir. Shakspeare alludes to this mode of writing, in his "Timon of Athens":—

"——— My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax."

Even so late as A. D. 1718, several of the Collegiate bodies in France, especially the Chapter of the Cathedral of Rouen, retained these tablets, for the purpose of marking the successive rotation of the Ministers of the Choir.

Tables, or *Table-Books*, were sometimes made of *Slate*, in the form of a small portable book with leaves and clasps. Such a one is engraved in Gessner's treatise *De rerum fossilium figuris*, &c. Figur. 1595, 12mo. and copied by Douce in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. II. p. 227. The learned author thus describes it:—"Pugillaris è laminis saxi nigri fissilis, cum-stylo ex eodem. A *Table-Book* made of thin plates of black stone, with a style of the same material."

By a law among the Romans, the edicts of the Senate were directed to be written on tablets of *Ivory*, thence denominated

* Concluded from Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature.—See our last Gazette.

Libri Elephantini. And Pliny (Lib. viii. ch. iii.) says, that from want of the *teeth* of the Elephant, which are alone of ivory, they had lately begun to saw the *bones* of that animal.

Dr. Shaw (*Travels*, p. 194.) informs us, that in Barbary the children who are sent to school write on a smooth thin board, slightly daubed over with whiting, which may be wiped off or renewed at pleasure, and thus learn to read, to write, and get their lessons by heart, all at the same time. The Copts, who are employed by the great men of Egypt in keeping their accounts, &c. make use of a sort of pasteboard for that purpose, from which the writing is occasionally wiped off with a wet sponge. References to a similar mode of writing are frequent in Scripture, see particularly Numbers, v. 23. Nehemiah, xiii. 14. *et al.* In India it has been the practice from time immemorial to teach children to read by writing in sand; and from thence are derived some parts of the present Madras and Lancasterian systems of instruction, practised by the Rev. Dr. Bell, and Mr. Lancaster.

The old Egyptians used to write on *Linen* things which they designed should last. There is a piece of writing of this kind now in the British Museum, which was taken out of an Egyptian mummy; and a similar book was found in a mummy by Mr. Denon, an engraved *fac simile* of which may be found in his travels. Livy (Lib. iv. ch. vii.) makes mention of *Linen-Books*, as containing information not to be found in public documents. We find also from Vopiscus, that the Emperor Aurelian wrote his journal or diary in *Linen-Books*. Suidas (Lex. v. *Παράδοξ.*) reports, that at Athens, they wrote upon the *Peplus*, or robe of Minerva, the names of their chief warriors. Silk also was frequently made use of in works of value. In the Harleian Library, in the British Museum, there is a very valuable Greek MS. of the *Geoponica*, written on *silk* leaves, towards the close of the twelfth century. Montfaucon mentions many works written on silk, which are preserved in different libraries in Italy, executed chiefly in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the Chigian Library, at Rome, there is a MS. on silk, containing all the Prophets, with some things struck out; and asterisks or stars, and some Hexapla readings, that is, of the six different translations, in the margin. In the library of St. Mary, at Florence, is the *whole New Testament* on silk, with the Liturgy, and short Martyrology: at the end of it there is written in Greek, 'By the hand of the Sinner and most unworthy Mark; in the year of the world 6840, (that is, of CHRIST 1332.) Monday, December the 22nd.' and on the next page are several Greek alphabets. In the South of India, they have a kind of book, called *Cudduttum*, or *Curruttum*. It is thus composed: a slip of cotton cloth, from 8 inches to 1 foot in breadth, and from 12 to 18 feet in length, is skillfully covered with a compost of paste and powdered charcoal, which when completely dried, is divided into equal parts by folding. To the two end-folds are fixed

ornamental plates of wood, painted and varnished, resembling the sides of a book. It opens at either side, and when unfolded draws out to the full length; and is preserved by being kept in a case of silk, or cotton; or else by being tied with a tape, or riband. The writing on it may be compared to that done on a slate, as the marks made by the pencil, may be rubbed out and renewed at pleasure.

The *Bark of trees* is another material which has been employed in every age and quarter of the globe; and was called *Xylochartion* by the Greeks. Before the use of the Papyrus became general, the *Bark of the Phillyra*, a species of the Linden tree, was frequently made use of for writing upon; and books written on it existed in the third century. The *Bark of Oak*, was also used for the same purpose. Hence the Latins called a book *Liber*, which signifies the *inner bark* of a tree; and the Greeks used the word *Φλοιός* (*Phloios*), which also means *bark*.

The use of bark for this purpose still prevails in some parts of Asia; thus the sacred books of the Burmans are sometimes composed of thin stripes of bamboo, delicately plaited, and varnished over in such a manner as to form a smooth and hard surface upon a leaf of any dimensions: this surface is afterwards gilt, and the sacred letters are traced upon it in black and shining japan; the margin is illuminated by wreaths and figures of gold on a red, green, or black ground. The Battas also, one of the nations who inhabit the island of Sumatra, form their books of the inner bark of a certain tree; one of which, in the Batta character, is in the Sloanian Library, (No. 4726), written in perpendicular columns, on a long piece of bark, folded up so as to represent a book.

Of the several kinds of PAPER, used at different periods, and manufactured from various materials, the *Egyptian* is unquestionably the most ancient. The exact date of its discovery is unknown; and even the place where it was first made is matter of dispute. According to Isidore, it was first made at Memphis; and according to others in Seide, or Upper Egypt. It was manufactured from the inner films of the *Papyrus* or *Biblos*, a sort of flag, or bulrush, growing in the marshes of Egypt. The outer skin being taken off, there are next several films or inner skins, one within another. These, when separated from the stalk, were laid on a table, and moistened with the glutinous waters of the Nile. They were afterwards pressed together, and dried in the sun. From this papyrus it is, that what we now make use of to write upon hath also the name of *papyr*, or paper; though of quite another nature from the ancient *papyrus*. Bruce, the well-known Abyssinian Traveller, had in his possession a large and very perfect manuscript on papyrus, which had been dug up at Thebes, and which he believed to be the only perfect one known. 'The boards,' or covers for binding the leaves, 'are,' says he, 'of Papyrus root, ed first with the jasc ore pieces of the cove paper; and then with leather, in the same

manner as it would be done now. It is a book one would call a small folio, rather than by any other name. The letters are strong, deep, black, and apparently written with a reed, as is practised by the Egyptians and Abyssinians still. It is written on both sides. I gave Dr. Woide leave to translate it, at Lord North's request; it is a Gnostic book, full of their dreams.' The form of the book, in Mr. Bruce's possession, appears to be different from that in general use among the ancient Egyptians, for Pliny (Lib. xiii. ch. xxiii.) affirms, that the books made of Papyrus were usually *rolled up*; and that every such roll consisted of an indefinite number of sheets, which were fastened together by glue, care being taken always to place the best sheet of Papyrus first, that which was next in superiority second, and so in gradation to the last, which was the worst sheet in the roll. This practice is confirmed by an ancient Egyptian MS. taken from a Mummy at Thebes, and preserved in the British Museum, which, before it was expanded in the manner in which it is now seen, was closely rolled up; and which, if held up to the light, will be perceived to have the first sheet composed of a much finer piece of Papyrus, than any of the succeeding sheets. Manuscripts of this kind are by far the most ancient manuscripts which have reached our times. The few which have been found have been observed to lie close to the embalmed figure, underneath the resin and bandages, which have been employed to envelope the body. The mummies of distinguished persons, are said to be seldom without one of these rolls; and no mummy has been known to contain more than two.

Many manuscripts written upon Papyrus have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79. The manuscripts thus obtained are completely calcined, though by incredible labour and patience fragments of some of some of them have been unrolled and copied.

Paper made of *Bark*, is said to have been anciently used for the Imperial Protocols, in order to render the forging of false diplomas more difficult. Montfaucon notices a diploma, or charter, written on bark, in the *Longobardic* character, about the beginning of the eighth century, preserved in the library of Antony Capello, a Senator of Florence. It is a Judgment given at *Reate*, about Guardianship. The parties contending are either *Goths*, or, as is more likely, *Lombards*; the judges are *Romans*. It is remarkable, that the date was originally inserted in it; but has been defaced by a mouse gnawing it, as it lay rolled up: it is, however, one of the first charters in which the Christian computation has been used. The Chinese generally make their paper from the bark of the Bamboo, and other trees; but occasionally manufacture it from other substances, as hemp, wheat, or rice straw, the cocoons of silk-worms, and even *old paper*. The Rev. Robert Morrison, an English Protestant Missionary in China, sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1810, has translated

into the Chinese language several portions of the Old and New Testament, some of which, beautifully printed on paper of Chinese manufacture, have been transmitted to England.

The Japanese make an exceedingly strong paper from the *Morus papyrifera*, or true paper-tree, by the Japanese called *Kandit*. Several other eastern nations employ bark also, in the manufacture of paper.

A kind of paper has also been lately made of the *shavings of Leather*. A sheet of it now lies before me, of a reddish yellow, or orange colour; it is exceedingly tough, and will bear ink, but is rather greasy to the pen.

According to Montfaucon, *Charta Bombicina* or *Cotton-Paper*, was discovered towards the end of the ninth, or early in the tenth century. Casiri states paper to have been first manufactured in Bucharja; and that the Arabs ascribe its invention to Joseph Amru, in the year of the Hegira 88, of Christ 706. Other learned men have thought, that we are indebted for it to the Chinese, from whom it passed successively to the Indians, Persians, and Arabs; and by the latter was communicated to the western nations. The manufacture of cotton-paper is said to be still carried on to a considerable extent in the Levant.

Paper, fabricated from *Linen Rags*, is now used throughout Europe, and almost every part of the world whither Europeans have penetrated; and is a much more valuable material for writing upon than the cotton-paper. We are ignorant both of the inventor and of the date of this important discovery. Dr. Prideaux delivers it as his opinion, that *Linen-Paper* was brought from the East, because many of the Oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabillon believes its invention to have been in the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from linen rags, which has yet been discovered, is that in the possession of Pestel, Professor in the University of Rinteln, in Germany. It is a document, with the seal preserved, dated A. D. 1239; and signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg. But Casiri positively affirms, that there many MSS. in the Escorial, both upon cotton and linen paper, written prior to the thirteenth century. This invention appears to have been very early introduced into England; for Dr. Prideaux assures us, he had seen a register of some acts of John Granden, Prior of Ely, made on linen-paper, which bears date in the fourteenth year of King Edward II. A. D. 1320; and in the Cottonian Library are said to be several writings on this kind of paper, as early as the year 1335. The first Paper-Mill erected in this kingdom is said to have been at Dartford, in 1588, by M. Spilman, a German. Shakspeare, however, refers it to the reign of Henry VI. and makes Jack Cade (Henry VI. pt. ii.) say, in accusation of Lord Sands, 'Whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the *Score* and the *Tally*, thou hast caused *Printing* to be used, and contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast

built a *Paper-mill*.' During the same reign, the head of the Duke of York, with a *Paper-Crown* upon it, was placed on the walls of the city of York.

But, although Paper made from linen rags, is preferable to most other materials for writing upon, it is, nevertheless, inferior to *Parchment* or *Vellum*.

PARCHMENT is usually made of the skins of sheep and goats: *VELLUM*, which is a finer kind of *Parchment*, is made of the skins of abortive, or at least of sucking calves. The invention has been generally attributed to Eumenes, King of Pergamus; there is, however, reason to believe, that *Parchment* was in use long before his reign. Josephus (Antiq. lib. xii. ch. ii.) states, that the Copy of the Law, presented by the Seventy Elders to Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 277 years before Christ, was written upon *Parchment* or *Vellum*; and excited the astonishment of the King, by the extraordinary fineness of the parchment, as well as by the artful manner in which the different skins were sewed together, and the exquisite execution of the writing, in letters of gold. The most probable opinion, therefore, is, that Eumenes, son of Attalus I. King of Pergamus, though not the inventor, introduced parchment into more general use, at the time when Ptolemy Epiphanes, from a wish to prevent the rivalry of other princes in amassing books, and forming extensive libraries, prohibited the exportation of the Papyrus, or Egyptian paper.

From the city of Pergamus, parchment received the name of *Pergamenum*, and *Charta Pergamena*, as it did that of *Membrana*, from being made of the skins of animals. The term *Parchment*, is a corruption of the word *Pergamenum*. *Vellum* is derived from the Latin *Viulus*, a calf.

A coarse kind of parchment or vellum, has been fabricated also from the *Skins of Asses*. A late traveller informs us, that in the Royal Library in Sweden, 'there are two enormous Latin MSS. the vellum leaves of which are made of *Asses' Skins*, and are of an amazing size.'

The Manuscripts written on *Parchment* or *Vellum*, were sometimes so large, as to be obliged to be carried on the shoulder. Melchior Adam relates, that Paul Pfederheimer, a converted Jew, having lent an Hebrew MS. of the Prophets, accompanied with the Massorah, to Conrad Pellican, then a youth, and indefatigably industrious to acquire a knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, Paul Scriptor, the tutor of Pellican, who was travelling with him, assisted him on his journey, by carrying the huge manuscript, which had the appearance of an entire calf-skin, upon his shoulder, like a porter, from Mentz to Pfortzheim, and from thence to Tubingen.

PARANYTHIA.

From this amusing volume we finish the extracts which we had marked for our last number.

Scrap. — Among others of the mad vexatious, and tyrannic acts of the Emperor Paul, were his sumptuary regulations re-

specting dress; every day some alteration was to be made, and it seemed as though he was particularly hostile to the English costume. First, round hats were forbid, and that so suddenly, that many were not able to supply themselves with cocked ones, and were, therefore, obliged to parade the streets with their round ones pinned up all sides radius, cutting the most ridiculous figure. Next, the capes of your coats were to be taken off; then the lappels; then neckcloths were forbid, and dress stocks with buckles substituted; then you were to have long flaps to your waistcoats; then no strings at your breeches' knees or pantalons, and yellow top-boots not to be worn, military boots only allowed; buckles to your shoes ordered; crops no longer permitted; all long tails and bags. In short, so many of these orders were issued, and with such rapidity, that a friend of mine, carrying on a very extensive iron-foundry, chiefly conducted by English clerks and workmen, had them almost all arrested and sent to prison in one day, for contempt in not complying with his imperial majesty's regulations. He had sent his head foreman to the governor-general on some business; the man, in his hurry, went with a round hat on into the lion's mouth, and was detained. As his stay created some alarm, a clerk was sent to make inquiries, but was arrested on the way, having on a neckcloth, and strings in his shoes. This caused still greater alarm, and others were dispatched, to the number of six or seven, who were all taken up by the police for some informality in their dress. At last the secret was discovered, and the principal was obliged to get into his carriage, with the blinds up, drive to an old clothes' shop, rig himself out in a full dress suit, with bag and solitaire, wait upon the governor-general and the head of the police, and exert all his interest and talents to get his men released; which, after all, was not effected without great difficulty.

'I lodged in a house belonging to a little, diminutive, half-witted, troublesome, litigious German broker, who was always finding fault with my children and servants. I bore it with patience a long while, perhaps because I am tall, and, to say the least, above his weight and strength: but one evening, when I had a party, and was enjoying a rubber at whist, he came down stairs with one of his tormenting, frivolous complaints, which so annoyed me, that I threatened to turn him out of the room, and called him a little provoking monkey. He was greatly enraged, and flew out of the house, vowing he would complain to the police of my insolence; but, on his journey, not being able to recollect the Russian word for monkey, he came back, told me the circumstance, wished me to shake hands and forget all that had passed, which I did, and he cut in with great good humour for the next rubber.'

'Men should be tender, when they either from conviction blame themselves, or expect, by assumed candour, to gain esteem and commiseration. They seldom, in either case, expect to be taken at their word.'

"Scrap.—A friend of mine, who was rather a good player at billiards, was trying his strength with a philosophic, Diogenes-like, blunt German, who played a very prudent, safe, cunning, and sure game, and to whom he was quite a stranger. My friend was all for dashing hazards; and not being on that day eminently successful, exclaimed, pettishly, 'How infamously I play!' To which the German replied, with great sang froid, 'So you do, by Got!'"

"Introduction.—Fifty years back it was a swearing, smoking, quidding, punch-drinking, tavern-supping, groggy age; which was followed by an universal love of mare-chale powder, perfumed pomatum, pinned-up eurls, satin breeches, gold knee-bands, touch-the-ground shoe-buckles, and macaroni insipid foppishness, of which the caricatures of that day are no exaggeration; indeed they are only moderate and faithful portraits. Then all was sentiment; sentimental journeys; sentimental novels, plays, and ballads; even sentimental looks and glances. Sentiment was next driven from the field by scepticism, philosophy, and warlike feeling; and the reigning folly was four-in-hand clubs, with their appropriate fopperies of boots, whips, crops, capes, &c. &c. Of late years, there has arisen a dash of military mania, in dress and looks, political animosity, party spirit; turbulent and capacious discontent, abuse, and (what is worse than all) blasphemous infidelity. The childish, vapid, and insipid vanity, which forms the subject of the following, scrap, has not hitherto, I believe, and I hope never will, set foot in this our unsteady, capricious land :—"

"Scrap.—I had taken a tête-à-tête dinner with a friend and next-door neighbour of mine whose family were out of town, and we had drawn to the fire-side to enjoy our glass of wine comfortably, (as mercury was within a degree of freezing,) when a young gentleman, about to leave Russia, came in to bid adieu to my friend and his family, consisting of his wife and seven or eight sons and daughters, very, very far from being plain or uninteresting. The visitor had not, in my eye, much of the Apollo, either in face or figure. If he resembled any of the celebrated antiques, it rather leaned to the Sylvan deities, Bacchus and Silenus. After a gossip, he announced the object of his visit, and taking from his dandy pocket-case some P. P. C. cards, he laid them on the table. My friend took up one of them, and observing upon it a fantastic, sentimental, decorated profile of the young Adonis, with his name to it, his indignation was instantly aroused. He looked at the silhouette, then at his visitor, and, begging the hero to turn his head, exclaimed, in rather Scottish accents, 'You have a very bad profile, sir; you are not at all a pretty man, sir;' then rising in his anger he continued, 'This is mere German sentimental soporific, sir; you are a d—d ugly fellow, sir;' all the time tearing the P. P. C.'s into pieces, and throwing them into the fire. It was a scene for Molière."

"A traveller, who unfortunately was left handed, and therefore naturally placed his

bread on the opposite side to where other people do, was seated at table next to an old gentleman extremely near-sighted, fractious, and petulant. The visitor, not knowing a word of the Russian language, and being a great bread-eater, supplied himself from his neighbour's store. The old gentleman grew tired of calling so often for fresh supplies, (which are served in small loaves,) and at last getting quite pettish, and mistaking the stranger's hand, which was laid on the table, for a loaf, (which his defective vision led him to do,) in feverish accents he muttered, 'I will have one for myself in spite of you; so grasping his fork, and still under the same delusion, he struck it violently through the back of the unfortunate guest's hand, and pinioned it to the table. The dinner was soon over.'"

"A court-banker, Mr. Rogovikoff, since dead, really a well-bred, sensible, polite man, was dining with Dr. R. at Petersburg; and after dinner, the doctor having recently received from England an improved solar microscope, proposed to amuse his guests with it. As usual, piths of plants, wings of flies, and other insects were resorted to, till at last it was suggested by one of the party that some living subject should be procured. Don't be shocked, gentle delicate reader, when I tell you that a louse was mentioned. The difficulty was where to procure one; but the Russian servants being observed to scratch their heads occasionally, it was presumed possible that a visit to their isba or dwelling-place might procure the wished-for treasure. On this, the court-banker, with great naïveté, and little suspecting his good breeding would be called in question, cried, 'Doctor, you need not give yourself such unnecessary trouble;' and at the same time putting up his finger and thumb scientifically to the back of his head, immediately produced one, the finest and fattest of its kind."

Hoping that the medley we have selected will be deemed a sufficient exemplification of Paromythia, and will tend to give a favourable opinion of that work; we take our leave by recommending it as a cheerful companion for the chaise, the parlour, the toilette, and the listless hour in any situation.

GIUSEPPINO.

ONLY think! They have insinuated that this poem is not by Lord Byron; nay, Mr. Davison has declared, that his name on the title-page is not his name, but a hoax.* What credit our readers will attach to these assertions remains to be seen, especially after they have reperused our opinion, that the production is either his Lordship's, or the Devil's. That it is very like the noble

* To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.—Sir,—In your last Number (Nov. 17) you have given a Review of a Poem called "Giuseppino," stating it to be from the pen of "Lord Byron or the Devil's." That the Public may not be misled, at least in respect to one of the parties, I am authorized to say, it is not written by Lord Byron, nor was it, as the Imprint professes, printed by me. THOS. DAVISON.

White Friars, Nov. 19, 1831.

Bard's style and manner no one will deny, and with respect to the *alternative* author, few, perhaps, are so well acquainted with his poetical performances as to be able to give a decisive opinion upon the *data* which they afford. We only know that his inventive powers are prodigious; and fiction is absolutely essential to poetry of the highest class: so entirely so indeed, that Dr. Johnson defines a poet to be "an inventor; an author of fiction." Then who more likely to be a poet than the very Devil of whom we spake? Who more likely to join that band of writers in the present time, which has infinitely beyond the age of Dryden

"Profaned the heavenly gift of poetry;
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels?"

"The truest poetry is the most feigning," as the Clown truly tells Audrey, and when we reflect on the mystery which has hung over the publication of many of Lord Byron's works, and the nameless and unchristian-like manner in which they have been ushered into the world in the "uncertain way of gain," it was not too much to believe that this might be a *ruse* of another kind. That Giuseppino, upon a careful consideration, is not quite so condensed and polished as Beppo, we may feel inclined to allow; but the inequalities of the Byron Muse, witness the unmeasurable distance between Childe Harold Fitte first and Marino Faliero, are so great as to leave no conclusive argument on that score.

Since, however, the noble Anglo-Italian's friends disclaim the occidental (which has thus become as it were an accidental) tale, either in earnest, in jest, or to pique curiosity; and since the Devil's friends have been silent on the question, the presumption is strengthened that the latter is *bona fide* the author.* A third hypothesis, it is true, may be started, and though exceedingly unlikely, it may be hinted that we are in the wrong; and that there may be possibility be a man poet inexistence who can imitate Lord Byron so closely as to be mistaken for him, and show that his discursive Ottava Rima is not so difficult as many persons imagine. This fancy may be backed by the circumstance of his lordship's Double having taken for his title the same name, Giuseppino, alias Joey, being identical with the diminutive Beppo; upon all which we will not condescend to offer any ratiocination, nor any thing *quasi per saltum*, but content ourselves with repeating, that Giuseppino is a very clever and lively production, and with giving one remembrancer more to support it.† The character of the

* Besides if the foul fiend did publish anonymously, would not he adopt, as well as he could the noble Lord's system and style to corrupt the human heart and debase human nature?

† A fourth opinion is abroad, namely, that Mr. Davison himself is the author, not only of Giuseppino, but of other poems that have been ascribed to Lord B. To this suspicion we may incline a little, but the fact can only be known to the Writer's confidants.

hero is equal to Juan's, Beppe's, Lara's—
"He was a youth of most genteel connections,
Whose father left him all his goods and chat-
tels,

With an estate which had its imperfections,
Namely, that it should pay some female
rattles

Enough to buy them husbands; and directions
Were also left, as busy Rumour rattles,
That all the debts of the preceding squanderers
Should be paid off to stop the mouths of slan-
derers.

But Giuseppino, (that is to say Joey,)—
I call him by the name he went at home by,—
Was beditent, or forgetful, so he

Saw all the cash out which his sires had come
As is the practice of some very showy [by,
Fellows elsewhere, till growing rather grum
by

His want of credit, when he was quite undone,
He came, upon no business, to London.

Whither he brought his pictures;—most un-
doubted [these, he

Works of the greatest masters, — among
Had some, (but I won't take my oath about it,)
Of Parmeggiano, Paolo Veronese,
And others. He discoursed on Art, and quoted
Vasari and Lamazzo, like some we see:

For this collection, he got coin in plenty,
And got some laughter at the *Cognoscenti*."

"But he, so favoured, was a wretch ungrateful:
Oft was he heard, in broken English, swear-
ing

Against all play, and damning that most hateful
Goddess of chance, as if she had been tearing
All his wealth from him, by her wiles deceitful;
Yet, while he said his luck was past all bear-
ing,

Most strange to tell, his life grew more expen-
And his genteel acquaintance was extensive."

The Paris Theatres are touchingly de-
lucated:—

"There Anger's never in too great a passion,
For, if he were, it would destroy the measure
Of the heroic verses which must dash on,

In regular bound, only affording leisure
For emphasis to grace the declamation,
Just four times in each line; so now to ease
your [tion,

Doubts regarding my true and argutic observa-
In these lines you peruse its exemplification."

"Go to the Opera, (if you must go,) also;
But, if you can, don't listen to the music;
For there poor harmony has learned to howl so
It would make me sick, and it might make
you sick;

Besides the Figurantes, there, are all so
Charming the sight of them would make a
Jew sick;

Such strange effect music and dance can take,
One causes heads, the other hearts to ache!

Then there are other theatres, with players
Not less theatric, tragic or ridiculous,
Such as the factories for making prayers,

Seeing and being seen; and the perilous
Law-courts, with scores of mystical man-slayers,
And new 'Affairs of Fualdes' whose fasciculus
Of judges, lawyers, witnesses, and culprits,
Shall act as well as Kean does, before full pits.

There every thing that's ever said or done
Is represented with the best effect.

Men, women, children, all and every one,
Are perfect in their parts: but I suspect

They have not such a turn for farce and fun,
As heretofore; and now I recollect,
Some of their conspiracies are quite frightful,
Though, at a distance, they may seem de-
lightful."

But if we quote on at this rate, we shall
leave no Stanzas "i'the book" for critics
to judge by, though it calls loudly to Lord
B. (if not his) to look about him. He had
better do so than set about any pettifogging
periodical at Pisa, where *Tria juncta in uno*
would disgrace only him; and in the mean
time, rather than this hoax should be parent-
less, we would feel no discredit in taking its
cause upon ourselves."

Original Correspondence.

Letters of David Hume, continued.

No. XVI.

Dear Sir,—I confess I was once of the
same opinion with you, & thought that
the best period to begin an English History
was about Henry the 7th.—But you will
please to observe, that the change which
then happen'd in public affairs, was very
insensible, and did not display it's influence
till many years afterwards. 'Twas under
James that the House of Commons began
first to raise their head, & then the quarrel
betwixt privilege & prerogative commenc'd.
The Government, no longer oppress'd by
the enormous authority of the Crown, dis-
play'd it's genius; and the Factions, which
then arose, having an influence on our
present affairs, form the most curious, interest-
ing, & instructive part of our history. The
preceding events, or causes, may easily be
shown in a reflection or review, which may
be artfully inserted in the body of the Work,
and the whole, by that means, be render'd
more compact and uniform. I confess, that
the subject appears to me very fine; and I
enter upon it with great ardour and pleasure.
You need not doubt of my perseverance.

I am just now diverted for a moment by
correcting my Essays moral and political,
for a new Edition. If any thing occur to
you to be inserted or retrench'd, I shall be
oblig'd to you for the hint. In case you
should not have the last Edition by you, I
shall send you a Copy of it. In that Edition,
I was engag'd to act contrary to my Judge-
ment, in retaining the 6th. & 7th. Essays,
which I had resolv'd to throw out, as too
frivolous for the rest, and not very agreeable
neither even in that trifling manner: But
Millar, my Bookseller, made such protesta-
tions against it, and told me how much he
had heard them prais'd by the best Judges,
that the bowels of a parent melted, & I
preserv'd them alive.

All the rest of Bolinbroke's works went
to the press last Week, as Millar informs
me. I confess my curiosity is not much
rais'd.

I had almost lost your letter by it's being
wrong directed. I received it late, which
was the reason why you got not sooner a
copy of *Joannes Magnus*. Direct to me

* In three months, this dark passage may be
clear.—Ed.

in Riddal's land, Lawn Market. I am Dear
Sir, Your's sincerely

(Sd.) DAVID HUME.

Sept. 24th. 1752.—Addressed to Dr. Adam Smith.

No. XVII.

Dear Sir,—I beg you to make my Com-
pliments to the Society, & to take the fault
on yourself, if I have not executed my
Duty, and sent them this time my Anniver-
sary paper. Had I got a Week's warning, I
should have been able to have supply'd
them. I should willingly have sent some
sheets of the History of the Commonwealth
or Protectorship; but they are all of them
out of my hand at present, & I have not
been able to recall them.

I think you are extremely in the right,
that the Parliament's Bigotry has nothing in
common with Hiero's generosity. They
were themselves, violent persecutors at
home, to the utmost of their power. Be-
sides, the Hugonots in France were not per-
secuted;* they were really seditious, turbu-
lent people, whom their King was not able
to reduce to obedience. The French perse-
cutions did not begin 'till sixty Years after.

Your objection to the Irish Massacre is
just, but falls not on the Execution, but the
subject. Had I been to describe the
massacre of Paris, I should not have
fallen into that fault: But in the Irish
massacre, no single eminent man fell, or by
a remarkable death. If the Eloquence of
that whole Chapter be blameable, it is be-
cause my conception labor'd with too great
an idea of my subject, which is there the
most important. But that misfortune is not
unusual. I am Dear Sir Your's most sin-
cerely (Signed) DAVID HUME.

Edin. 9th of Jan. 1755.
(Addressed) To Mr. Adam Smith, Professor at Glasgow.

No. XVIII.

Dear Smith,—I send you the enclosed
with a large packet from Count Sarsfield.
This is the last ministerial Act, which I
shall probably perform; and with this
exertion I finish my functions. I shall not
leave this country presently: Perhaps I
may go over to France. Our Resignation
is a very extraordinary incident; and will
probably occasion a total change of Ministry,
Are you busy?

Your's (Sd.) DAVID HUME.
London 14 of July 1767.

You must keep Count Sarsfield's papers
till a proper method of returning them be
pointed out to you. Have you read Lord
Lyttleton? Do you not admire his Whiggery
& his Piety. Qualities so useful both for
this world & the next?

To Dr. Adam Smith.

No. XIX.

The Gentleman who transmitted these
Letters to the Editor, mentions (and he had
the best opportunities of knowing the
Truth), That Mr. Hume was in a declining
condition of health for many months before
his death; and that he viewed the approach
of that event with the most perfect com-

* This alludes to the several Enterprises of
the Hugonots, from 1621, to 1629, under
Soubize and Rohan.

posure. He did not, at any time, court or dwell long on the subject; but he spoke of it, on all natural occasions, to his friends and relations, with the greatest coolness and freedom, nay, sometimes, in his usual playful and jocular strain: For his situation never affected his cheerfulness or good humour; and he had often sufficient spirits, to indulge in the same vein of gentle wit and playful railery, which had been his habitual style, in his intercourse with those he liked. The letters of Adam Smith, John Home, and Dr. Black,* the persons who were chiefly with him at this period, are full and distinct in taking notice of these particulars, and clear testimonies to the same effect are to be found in several Letters and other Writings, under his own hand, dated a few days before his death. Notice may be taken of one of these. On the 13th of Aug. 1776 (he died on the 25th of the same month) he writes in these terms to his Brother:

Dear Brother,—Dr. Black tells me plainly, like a man of sense, that I shall die soon, which was no disagreeable news to me: He says, I shall die of weakness and inanition, and perhaps give little or no warning. But tho' I be growing sensibly weaker every day, this period seems not to be approaching; and I shall have time enough to inform you, and to desire your company, which will be very agreeable to me. But at this time, your presence is necessary at Ninewells, to settle Josey and comfort his mother. Davie will be also very useful with you: I am much pleased with his tenderness & friendship. I beg therefore that neither you nor he may set out; and as the communication between us is open and frequent, I promise to give you timely information.

[Surely nothing can be more philosophical than this calm look at the approach of death.—Ed.]

NEW SHETLAND. (Third and last Paper.)

FROM the bay (George's Bay) in which our countrymen first hauled up, and took possession of New Shetland, or, as they christened it, "*New South Britain*," in the name of his Majesty, the Brig Williams sailed on the 27th of January.† Their course was W.S.W. On the 28th, several whales and shoals of seals were seen; and the whole day they were surrounded by penguins, snow-birds, pintadoes, and albatrosses. The land, wherever seen, appeared to be immense mountains, rude crags, and barren ridges covered with snow, close to the water's edge, presenting a most dreary and dismal aspect. Thick fogs occurred now and throughout the voyage so often as to render observation

* His Physician and Friend,—the celebrated Chemist. See his Letters and Adam Smith's, subjoined to Mr. Hume's account of his own Life.

† On sailing, the land ran in a S.W. direction as far as the eye extended; but a little distance to the southward of a headland, named Martin's head, it abruptly trended to the W.N.W. forming to the view a spacious sound.

uncertain and navigation difficult. On the 29th, a glimpse was caught of a very high mountain due north; and on the 30th, a small group of islands, extending S. E. to E. by S. was discovered, part of a range stretching E. by N. to S. W. "The winds at this time," we quote the Journal, "were strong, and the horizon very hazy, which opened and shut occasionally, offering to our view an unknown coast, evidently abounding with rocks and small islands. At noon, our latitude by meridian altitude was $63^{\circ} 16'$, and longitude by chronometer, $60^{\circ} 28' W.$ " They now, in consequence of the weather, steered southward, and seemed to be running from the land; but at three o'clock in the afternoon, after having their attention attracted by three immense icebergs, the haze clearing, they very unexpectedly saw land to the S. W.; and at four o'clock were encompassed by islands, spreading from N. E. to E. The whole of these formed a prospect the most gloomy that can be imagined, and the only cheer the sight afforded was in the idea that this might be the long-sought Southern Continent, as land was undoubtedly seen in latitude 64° , and trending to the eastward. In this bay or gulph there was a multitude of whales, and a quantity of sea-weed, apparently fresh from the rocks. A round island was called Tower Island, latitude $63^{\circ} 29'$, longitude $60^{\circ} 34'$, and the land Trinity Land, in compliment to the Trinity Board.

About this period sheet-ice abounded a-head, and not fewer than 31 icebergs were counted at once. The weather was very stormy, and the fatigue of officers and men excessive. Land and islands were observed to latitude $61^{\circ} 30'$, and longitude $56^{\circ} 54'$. This land was of a moderate height, and chiefly covered with snow. On the 4th of February they hauled up, 6 or 7 miles off the centre of an immensely high mountain. The master here went on shore, and planted in a small cove, at the foot of a most tremendous precipice, a board with an inscription similar to that which was left on the coast of George's Bay. The shingle beach swarmed with seals and penguins; and several streams fell in cascades from the hills. The above-mentioned precipice, in latitude $61^{\circ} 19' S.$, longitude $54^{\circ} 16' W.$, was named Cape Bowles: it seemed to be an abrupt termination of the land to the southward, as, after leaving it and steering due east, no more was seen till the brig was in the longitude of nearly 50° .

On the 5th they passed a very large sea-lion, who amused himself by looking at them most attentively: several whales were about at the same time. Till the 12th, the Journal relates various tacks, &c. among islands; on that day they went through shoals of grampusses, the first they had seen. On the 13th Mr. Smith landed on some uncouth crags, which run about four miles from the main. They, like all other places, were covered with seals. Several shags flew so near the brig, that the men struck them down with pieces of wood which they flung at them. Their plumage is white on the breast, black on the head and wings,

the beak long, narrow and sharp. Among a flock of penguins, some were seen entirely white, the only variety of that colour observed during the voyage. Latitude $61^{\circ} 2'$, longitude $55^{\circ} 32'$. The largest island was named Seal Island: on this the boat collected 90 fine fur skins, and several pieces of rock resembling canal coal.

A small sandy beach where Mr. Smith effected a landing, he reported to be so covered with seals, as to render it almost dangerous to go among them: he described them as being stowed in bulk. Of these he destroyed 300 and upwards; and the boat not being large enough to contain them, they were skinned, and a load brought on board. Several sea-elephants and marine birds were seen. The latter were so voracious, that while the men were skinning the seals, they were absolutely obliged to beat them off with their clubs, to prevent interruption. Next day the sea had washed away many of the seal carcasses left by the boat, and the birds so mangled the rest as to render them useless.

When in W. longitude $52^{\circ} 23' 45''$, and S. latitude $61^{\circ} 30'$, on the 22nd of February the brig made a dash to the southward, determined to enter the Antarctic Regions, no ice being visible on the eastern coast, or that which they had just quitted. After a run of 40 miles, however, with a fine N. E. breeze, icebergs were encountered in immense numbers, and towards evening loose pieces of sheet-ice stopped their progress. The attempt was persevered in on the 23rd; but the accumulation of ice rendered it altogether abortive, and the ship's head was turned once more towards Cape Bowles. Running along their old coast, other islands were seen, and other prominent lands named. The sea breaks with dreadful force on the islands which line the coast. The whole line, from the Start Point, latitude $62^{\circ} 42'$, longitude $61^{\circ} 27'$, to Cape Bowles, latitude $61^{\circ} 19'$, longitude $54^{\circ} 10'$, a distance of $7^{\circ} 17'$, is of the same wild and dismal aspect; and from Cape Melville, latitude $62^{\circ} 1'$, longitude $57^{\circ} 44'$, to Desolation Island, lat. $62^{\circ} 27'$, long. $60^{\circ} 35'$, the shore is so defended by innumerable rocks, breakers, and small islands, as to render landing impracticable.

On the 18th of March the crew took their last look at this dreary and inhospitable coast, which seems to afford nothing beyond an excellent seal-fishing, from which, however, much commercial benefit may be derived.

Mr. Bone, with perfect accuracy, (as has since been proved by the Russian Expedition), states his opinion, that "the whole which was seen was a group of Islands, very narrow and of considerable magnitude." He conjectures, that passages may be found between them and across the chain early in the season, the William being there very late, as she remained till the sun crossed the equator. The whales are (as already noticed) very thin, even if they are of the right sort, which does not appear to have been ascertained; and the elephants are exceedingly fat, and yield a

great deal of oil. The seal-skins are peculiarly fine.

Our gallant tars reached Valparaiso on the 15th of April, having touched on their route at the island of Juan Fernandez, where they found the fruits, the vegetables, the climate, and every thing else, a thousand times more exquisite than ever they were before, though the place is in reality a sort of terrestrial paradise. On landing, their charts, journals, &c. were, agreeably to the rules of the service, given up; and it is owing to the kindness of a friend, one of the officers, not disapproved by the authority to which such matters belong, that we have been enabled to give, in three short papers in the *Literary Gazette*, the sum and substance of this remarkable voyage.

The cold was never severe; the lowest point on the thermometer being 30.

We cannot conclude, without adverting to the steadiness, prudence, zeal, and courage of the officers and men to whom this task was assigned. The combination of intelligence, perseverance and ardour which they displayed, reflects honour on the profession, and is truly characteristic of the British seaman.

Arts and Sciences.

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

WE copy the following detailed account of the early part of the Land Expedition towards the Arctic Sea, under the direction of Lieutenant John Franklin, from the daily journals. It purports to be written by a person belonging to the Company, who went along with that officer to Cumberland. We have divested it of some of its grandiloquence and hyperbole, and given its facts in a less ornate style.

"Soon after the expedition arrived on the coast of Hudson's Bay, they proceeded from York Factory, the grand dépôt of the Hudson's Bay Company, towards their wintering ground at Cumberland, the central post of the interior, a distance of about 900 miles from the coast. Lieut. Franklin, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Back, and Mr. Hood, attended by the Orkney men, engaged to man the boats in the rivers of the interior, and who, having worked in the Company's service several years, understood the language of many of the Indian tribes, left the factory on the 7th of September, 1819, with a fair wind, under a salute from the dépôt. Of the store of provisions supplied by government for the use of the expedition, the greater part was left at the starting point, on account of the difficulty of conveyance. On the third day after their departure from the factory, the boats of the Company, which were proceeding to the various trading posts in the interior, came up with the expedition in the Steel River, distant about sixty miles from the place at which they set out. Most of the rivers in that part of America abound with rapids and falls. The rapids are generally more navigable near the banks, but they frequently extend across

the stream, and then the labour of the boat's crew becomes excessive, every man being obliged to turn into the water and assist in carrying the boat sometimes to the distance of half a mile before they gain the head of one of these impediments. As the Company's boats followed the track of the expedition, several of the tin cases which had contained preserved meats were seen at the different up-putting places, (the spots of ground on the banks chosen for passing the nights upon,) and those miserable abodes were drenched with rain. Two black bears were also seen prowling about, and devouring some of the luxuries which the travellers had ascertained it was impossible to convey in any considerable quantities farther up the river. The traders with the North American Indians, in travelling to their posts, kindle fires of immense magnitude upon landing to rest for the night. Every man carries his fire-bag, containing all the necessary apparatus. They proceed to hew down the trees, an office which they perform with wonderful dexterity. The fires are lighted, the tents for the officers pitched, and the only regular meal taken during the twenty-four hours, served up in as comfortable a manner as possible under the circumstances. As the travellers advanced, the mild season not having yet begun to disappear, vast herds of grey deer were observed passing the rivers towards the Esquimaux lands, and the Indians who were accompanying the expedition gave extraordinary proofs of their activity, by rushing upon the animals in the water, and striking long knives into their hearts. Lieut. Franklin, on entering the Hill-river, so called from a neighbouring eminence, the only one that presented itself between York Factory and Cumberland, found it necessary to request that the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company would lighten his boat of the greater part of the still-remaining luxuries and instruments. This accommodation was readily given, and after the most laborious efforts, the expedition reached the Rock dépôt, one of the Company's posts, having devoted seven days to the exhausting toil of working up thirty miles of their journey. Upon arriving at the dépôt, the expedition were treated with great hospitality by Mr. Bunn, the officer in charge, who entertained them with the Tittimeg, a fish which they admitted was the most delicious they had ever tasted, and which was caught in God's Lake, (an immense piece of water, so named from the abundance and excellence of its inhabitants.) Mr. Hood, who is one of the draughtsmen of the expedition, took a sketch of the Rock-fall and the post, which presented one of the most beautiful objects in these desolate regions, and introduced a distant view of a wigwam, with its inmates.

"Five days after the expedition left the Rock dépôt they reached another post, having encountered many difficulties similar to those which had preceded. There was, however, some relief to the painful sameness of the journey in several beautiful lakes through which they had to pass. At Oxford-house post, which was reached four days subsequently, they were provided with

pimmikin, the celebrated winter food of the country, made of dried deer or buffalo flesh, pounded and mixed with a large quantity of the fat of the animal. This food constitutes the luxuries of winter, is the most portable of all victuals, and satisfies the most craving hunger in a very short time. The officers of the expedition were not a little surprised at the difficulty of cutting their meat, but they soon reconciled themselves to the long-established practice of chopping it with a hatchet. During the summer, ducks, geese, partridges, &c. are to be had in the greatest abundance; but the frost soon drives all those delicacies out of the reach of the active Indian, and *pimmikin* becomes the only resource of the traveller. The next post at which they arrived was Norway-house, upon leaving which they entered upon Lake Winnipic, at the farther side of which is the grand rapid extending nearly three miles, where they were obliged to drag their boats to shore, and carry them over the land; or, to use the technical phrase, 'launch them over the portage.' The woods along the banks were all in a blaze, it being the custom of the natives, as well as of the traders, to set fire to the trees around the up-putting places, for the double purpose of keeping off the cold and the wolves, whose howling increases in proportion to the extent of the conflagration. The expedition passed several other rapids and falls along a flat, woody, and swampy country, across five miles of which no eye could see. At length they reached the White Fall, where an accident took place, which had nearly deprived the party of their commander. While the men were employed in carrying the goods and boats across the portage of the fall, Lieut. Franklin walked down alone to view the rapid, the roaring of which could be heard at the distance of several miles. He had the boldness to venture along the bank with English shoes upon his feet, a most dangerous experiment, where the banks are flint stones, and as smooth as glass. He was approaching the spot from which he could take the most accurate observation, when he slipped from the bank into the water, where it was fortunately still. Had he lost his footing ten yards lower down, he would have been hurried into a current which ran with amazing impetuosity over a precipice, one of the most terrific objects of the journey.—Lieut. Franklin is an excellent swimmer, but he had on him a sailor's heavy Flushing jacket and trowsers, heavy English shoes, and a large neckcloth. He swam about for some time, and made vigorous efforts to get upon the bank, but he had to contend against a smooth precipitous rock, and was just exhausted when two of the Company's officers, who were at a short distance from the fall, looked up and saw him struggling in the water. With the assistance of their poles they raised him out of his perilous situation, in which he had been nearly a quarter of an hour. The moment he reached land he fell to the ground, and remained without motion for some time. His powerful constitution, however, soon overcame the effects of the

accident, and he had happily only to regret the injury his chronometer received in the water.—After a tedious journey of forty-six days, the expedition arrived at Cumberland, a post situated on the banks of a beautiful lake, and stockaded against the incursions of savages, the attacks of wolves and bears, and the assaults of rival traders.”

A letter of the 25th of August, from Montreal, states, that a letter from the expedition, dated in June, had reached that place: the only addition that it makes to intelligence already given is, that the party were only fifteen miles from Hearn's River, in about 64 North lat. and 110 West long. from Greenwich. All the members had passed an agreeable winter, living on the flesh of rein-deer,* which animal abounds in those regions, and passed the encampment in great droves, which encampment was made in September last, when farther progress became impracticable. The party consisted of Captain Franklin, the three gentlemen above named, one seaman, nineteen Canadian travellers, and seventeen Indians, making in all forty persons. They were to commence, during June, their passage down Hearn's River.

Farther particulars are contained in the *Dumfries Courier*, from a letter to a gentleman in that part of the country. It states, that the winter, which the travellers passed at Cumberland, was very severe, but that they nevertheless employed the time in making drawings of animals, birds, &c. charts, meteorological observations, and collections of specimens, which they transmitted to England in the ensuing spring.†

In June, 1820, they set forward in canoes, manned by Canadians. The extreme heat of the short summer, the persecutions of noxious insects, and occasional want of food, are the usual concomitants in these voyages. “On the 29th of July,” says the letter, “we arrived at the north side of the Slave Lake. A party of Copper Indians were exchanged to accompany us, and we commenced the work of discovery. On the first of September we reached the banks of the Copper Mine River, in lat. 65. N. long. 115. W., a magnificent body of water, two miles wide.

“We had penetrated into a country destitute of wood, and our men were exhausted with the labours of carrying canoes, cargoes, &c. amounting to three tons, from lake to lake. Their broken spirits were revived by our success; but the season was too far advanced to make any farther progress. We returned to a small wood of pines, and erected our winter residence of mud and timber, which we have named Fort Enterprise.

“By the Indian report this river runs into the Northern Sea, in West longitude 110, and we suppose in lat. 72. In June, 1821, we shall embark, and the river

will enable us to reach the sea in a fortnight. If the shore is encumbered with ice, which is most probable, we must then leave our canoes, and trace the coast on foot, to Hudson's Bay; or, if no North-west passage exists, to the shore, which forms the boundary of Baffin's Bay. I think we are capable of executing this plan. Our chief dread was the hostile disposition of the Esquimaux. This danger is now almost obviated by the arrival of two Esquimaux interpreters, who have been provided at Churchill, and with great diligence sent after us.

“We are not so desolate, perhaps, in our exile, as our friends may suppose. The rein-deer are numerous about us, and we live on the most delicate venison. We find pleasure in the examination of a new and amiable race of people.”

Literature and Learned Societies.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MANY inquiries having been addressed to us, in consequence of the notices which it has been our good fortune to obtain and insert in the *Literary Gazette*, respecting the proceedings of this Society, we beg to offer the following as the best information we have it in our power to give the literary world on a subject so important to its interests:—

The Royal Society is maturing its constitution, and augmenting its subscribing members, with the prospect of fully developing the whole plan by the first anniversary after its royal institution, the 29th of January next.

It is utterly unconnected with party and party politics; the members already elected are of all parties. The King is at its head, simply as the patron and friend of Letters.

Its objects are to promote the general interests of learning, and to encourage individual merit in the difficult paths of literature by annual premiums and pecuniary as well as honourable distinctions.

The premiums for the year 1821-2 have been advertised; every writer is eligible to obtain them, whether belonging to the Society or not; and the form, length, and character of the compositions rest entirely with those who enter into the competition.

The Society consists of Members, whose lowest annual subscription is two guineas: these are the well-wishers and supporters of the plan. Every individual of respectability, whether being what is understood by “Literary,” or not, may belong to this class. Among the following list of early subscribers, who can propose others desirous of becoming members, or inform them how to proceed, most persons may probably find some name with which they are acquainted, or to the bearer of which they may procure introduction.

After His Majesty, we find, Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Cambridge; the Chancellor of the Exchequer; Bishops of Durham, St. David's, Chester, Carlisle, Gloucester, Salisbury, Bangor, Lincoln, St. Asaph; the Right Hon. J.

C. Villiers; Lord Chief Justice Abbott; Sir A. Johnstone, M. Tierney, T. Acland, W. Congreve, Barts.; Sir T. Lawrence; Rev. Archdeacons Nares and Prosser; the Rev. Drs. Gray, Russell, Cartwright, S. Butler, Winstanley, Richards; Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. H. Bowdler; Drs. Veitch, Noehden, Yeats; Col. F. C. H. Doyle; the Rev. Lewis Way, J. Vaughan, H. H. Baber, G. Croly, H. Card, H. Smith, C. P. Burney, W. Bingley, H. J. Rose, D. C. Delafosse; Messrs. W. Wilberforce, M. P. J. Mortlock, Prince Hoare, G. W. Marriott, S. Prado, T. Bosworth, G. Snodgrass, R. Ellison, W. Astbury, B. Bunbury, R. Westley Hall, W. Jerdan, Taylor Combe, A. J. Valpy, Sharon Turner, T. F. Hunt, R. Gray, H. Hay, R. Blanshard, M. G. Benson, Colquhoun, W. Tocke, J. Caley, Dawson Turner, C. König, T. Bigge, F. Chantrey, A. Impey, J. L. Bicknell, H. Merrick Hoare, W. Nanson Lettson, W. Mudford, J. Beazely, H. Hoare, J. Ring, A. Sharp, J. Egan, J. Bailey, C. A. Smith, &c. &c. For brevity's sake we have omitted the literary and honorary titles of those individuals.

Other communications will reach the secretary, if addressed to him at Messrs. Hatchards, booksellers, where the Council of the Society meets provisionally till established in a house of its own.

As we understand matters, a permanent Council will be appointed to administer the business of the Society; the subscribers will have an interest in nominating its members, and also in the proposition of candidates for the rank of associates. These associates will be, *first*, ten individuals of literary reputation, appointed by the Society, on his Majesty's annual endowment of one thousand guineas; and, *secondly*, an unlimited number of the same class of persons, whose endowment will proceed from the Society's funds.

This is the outline of a Royally-founded Association, which, it may be anticipated, will have a powerful influence on British literature, and which it seems to us deserves the warm co-operation of the public, and especially of the lovers of a free and enlightened press. There are other points which we presume will be unfolded in the progress of the Society—such as grand meetings, at which essays, poems, &c. may be read; the *grade* of Honorary Associates conferred on illustrious men; and perhaps the grant by the Sovereign of rank and civil distinctions in the community, as connected with rank and distinction in that Association of which his Majesty is the fountain and munificent patron.

It will, we trust, be observed, that the last paragraph is purely speculative on our parts: what precedes is all the intelligence which we could obtain from documents emanating from the Society, to satisfy the inquiries of our numerous friends.

Fine Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE School for study and copying the Old Masters closes to-day in Pall-mall, and the Gallery will soon be opened with the Annual Exhibition. Some very clever things have been done from Rembrandt, Rubens,

* It will be seen that this statement (as well as that in the following) differs from the preceding with respect to the food of the travellers.—Ed.

† These government received, and handed, as we have understood, to Mr. Sabine.—Ed.

Poussin, &c. of which the public will have proof when the pictures are seen.

Statue of Luther.—Letters from Wirttemberg mention that the statue of Luther has arrived in that city from Berlin. Its inauguration was to take place on the 31st ult. and the king and the royal family were expected to be present at the ceremony. Some evil-disposed persons lately pelted with stones that part of the monument already erected; but to prevent the recurrence of so shameful an outrage, a double guard is now stationed near the works.

Portrait of Laura.—The Gazette of Bologna announces that the original portrait of Laura, by Simone Memini, has been discovered. "The most authentic documents prove that the portrait engraved and published by Morghen is ideal, or at least that of another Laura, who lived in 1500, that is to say, nearly two centuries after the death of her whom the love and the verses of Petrarch have rendered so celebrated." We fancy that both are equally genuine!

Original Poetry.

REQUIEM.

On! cold are thy slumbers, and low is thy grave,
Above it one cypress shall mournfully wave;
No flowers shall flourish around thy death
shrine,— [as thine
Their bloom would but mock such a dark sleep
The pale stone overhead, the sod of dank
green,
Will be sad as the path of thy life-time has been.
Thy wild harp shall hang on a willow beside,
O'er its chords like a spirit the night wind
shall glide
And pour forth thy dirge; that harp wont to be
The charm of the wilderness thrilling for thee:
It will soothe thee mid sadness and coldness no
more,
Its strings will grow damp, and its music be o'er.
As a vase of sweet flowers with summer dews
bright,
Thy heart was all tenderness, beauty, and light,
But the sweet vase was broken, the flowers
decay'd, [betray'd;
And, like them, thy feelings were crush'd and
And the glimpses of song, that had flash'd o'er
thy lyre, [their fire.
But prey'd on the heart that had cherish'd
Thy day-star was even in dawning o'ercast,
Thy song in the moment of breathing was past,
There is but one heart to lament o'er thy doom,
There is but one cheek will for thee lose its
bloom:
That cheek will grow pale as thy funeral stone,
That heart will soon break, it was truly thine
own.

STANZAS.

"And while the moon reigns cold above,
Oh, warm below reign thou, my love,
And endless raptures reign with thee."—*Lit. Gazette.*

When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright on high,
Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,

Like soft fears to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live
On the brow by starlight wreathing;
And the lips their richest incense give
When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray
When seen by moonlight hours,
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night flowers.
Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen.

SONG.

Oh, you cannot prove false to me, my love,
Think how I have confided in thee,
I have prized thy love all else above,
Oh, you cannot be false to me.
Could you chill the first warm overflow of the
heart,
Freeze the fountain you first taught to flow;
Could you act a cruel, a treacherous part,
Could you be the herald of woe.
I will not believe it, but still will repose
Ev'ry hope of my heart upon thine;
I will not believe you could blight the young rose
That but blossom'd to bloom on thy shrine.
I'll believe that the sun will forsake his day
throne,
The moon her night palace of blue, [own,
That blushes, sighs, smiles, are no longer love's
Ere I will believe you untrue. L. E. L.

Biography.

CHARLES MURRAY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who for many years occupied a station of great respectability at Covent-garden Theatre, died at Edinburgh, on Thursday, the eighth instant, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a man of no ordinary talents; and many of our readers, who were his admirers on the stage, or enjoyed the pleasures of his society and friendship in private life, will, we are persuaded, feel obliged to us for presenting them with a few particulars of his history and character.

Mr. Murray derived his descent from Scottish parents; his father being Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, the personal friend, and for some time the confidential secretary of the Pretender. On account of the part he had acted in the rebellion of 1745, he, with others of the followers of that unfortunate prince, was arraigned for high treason and found guilty. The royal clemency being afterwards extended to him, he retired into private life, and fixed his residence at Cheshunt, near London, where Charles Murray was born in the year 1752.*

Sir John Murray having now no prospect of transmitting to his son a fortune suited to his rank and connection, wisely employed himself to fit him by a proper education for making his way in the world through his own personal exertions. With this view, he gave

* Mr. Murray is known to have had in his possession some manuscript papers of his father's, relating to the events of his day—May we repeat the hope which we have before expressed in the *Literary Gazette*, that these will now be given to the public?

him, in the first instance, a good classical education. On quitting the Grammar-school, he was sent to France to acquire a knowledge of the language of that country. Having effected this object, he was articulated to a medical practitioner in London, under whose instructions he acquired the elements of pharmacy and surgery, and qualified himself for undertaking the situation of a surgeon's assistant in the Turkey Company's service. In this capacity he made several voyages to the Mediterranean, and visited most of the Islands of the Archipelago, and the chief cities of the Turkish dominions up the Levant. He afterwards entered himself a student at the Liverpool Infirmary with the view of improving himself in his profession. Whilst he was in this situation he was offered the appointment of surgeon to a slave-ship which was bound to the coast of Guinea. This offer he instantly declined, alleging, as his ostensible reason, that he was fearful his constitution would not be proof against the dangers of the climate; but his real objection was his repugnance to have any share in the nefarious traffic in human blood. It is probable, besides, that he was not greatly enamoured with his profession, and that he followed it rather out of obedience to his father's wishes than from personal predilection. Some family differences, whether or not arising from this circumstance we are not able to say, occurring at this period, (in the year 1774,) he withdrew himself altogether from parental control, and having made some successful essays at a private theatre during his stay at Liverpool, he took the resolution to abandon his medical pursuits, and try his fortune on the stage. His first step was to apply to Mr. Younger, the manager of the Liverpool Theatre, to assist him in his project. But this gentleman having then no vacancy in his company, advised him to go to York, and gave him a letter of recommendation to Mr. Wilkinson, the manager of the theatre in that city. Mr. Wilkinson immediately acceded to his wishes, and gave him permission to make a trial of his talents. The part chosen for his *début* was that of *Carlos*, in the Comedy of *The Pop's Fortune*, in which he made his appearance in the month of April, 1775, and was received with the most flattering demonstrations of approbation. One circumstance attending his study and representation of this character very greatly prepossessed Mr. Wilkinson in his favour. The part, which is very long, was not put into his hands until within two days of the representation of the comedy, and he had never before read or seen the play. At the end of twenty-four hours, however, to the astonishment of the whole green-room, he rehearsed it quite perfectly without his book, and on the evening of the following day performed it with great ease and spirit. This quickness of perception and retentiveness of memory, joined to great attention and steadiness in the duties of his profession, soon rendered him a valuable acquisition to the manager, and caused him, in theatrical phrase, to be cast in almost every piece, whether tragedy,

comedy, or farce, that was represented.—On joining Mr. Wilkinson's company, he, for family reasons, dropped his own name, and was announced in the bills under that of RAY-MUR. At York he soon became an universal favorite on the stage, whilst, in private life, his lively and polished manners, his talents for conversation, and the general correctness and propriety of his demeanor, gained him the friendship of a large number of persons among the principal inhabitants of the place.

From this auspicious commencement his connection with Mr. Wilkinson promised to be lasting, as well as mutually agreeable and advantageous: An untoward incident brought it, however, to an abrupt termination in the course of the following year, and caused his secession from the stage. He now resumed his medical profession, and once more went to sea; but some adverse circumstances having renewed his dissatisfaction with this mode of life, he finally relinquished it, and readily obtained an engagement from Mr. Griffith, at the Norwich Theatre, where he appeared under his proper name. During his stay with this company he assumed the new character of an author, and brought forward two theatrical pieces, the one intitled, "*The Maid of the Oaks*," and the other, "*The Experiment*."

After a residence of eight years in this situation, with increasing reputation, he entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Bath and Bristol Theatres, and made his first appearance at Bath in the year 1785, in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*. Here Mr. Murray moved in the first walks of Tragedy and Genteel Comedy, dividing all the principal parts with the late Mr. Dimond, a most chaste and respectable actor, who was one of the proprietors, and the acting manager. In this company his popularity reached its acme. At Bristol and at Bath he was a general favorite with every class of the audience, and was always received on the stage with distinguished applause. He had besides a large circle of friends by whom he was sincerely respected and beloved. With such strong ties to attach him to the situation, it is no wonder that he should have felt disinclined to remove. Several attempts were made by the London managers to induce him to accept an engagement in the metropolis, but for some years he turned a deaf ear to their solicitations. At length, however, the death of Mr. Farren, in 1796, having created a vacancy at Covent-Garden in that line of parts which he considered best suited to his talents, and in which he thought he was most likely to succeed before a London audience, he was prevailed upon, through the interference and by the persuasions of some particular friends, to listen to overtures from the late Mr. Harris, who finally engaged him for five years on very liberal terms. At the close of the season of 1796, he took his leave of the Bath audience in an elegant and appropriate address, which was concluded amidst shouts and cheers. In the course of the same year, at the commencement of the winter season, he ap-

peared on the London boards, in the arduous part of Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, and Bagatelle, in the Poor Soldier. His reception was in the highest degree flattering. It was, indeed, all that himself and his warmest friends could have wished, and perhaps beyond what they had ventured, in their fondest hopes, to anticipate. He repeated this character at his second appearance, and was received with equal applause. On that occasion the writer who pens these remarks had the gratification of sitting close to the veteran Macklin, in the pit of the theatre; and it is no slight compliment to Mr. Murray's performance of a part in which that celebrated actor had acquired his chief reputation, that it obtained his entire and unqualified approbation. At the close, he observed, in his peculiar manner, and with great emphasis, "Well, they have got an actor at last!" After Mr. Murray had been thus introduced to the audience, he entered on that line of parts for which he had been engaged, and which had been very respectably occupied by his predecessor Mr. Farren. With a few exceptions, these were ranked in the second class of characters; but in Mr. Murray's hands they acquired in many instances a weight and importance which raised them to an equality with those which, in green-room estimation, were deemed the first. He seldom ranged out of his own department, except when the illness or absence of a principal performer obliged the manager to bring him forward as his substitute. We perfectly remember two occasions of this kind, when he produced an impression which we are satisfied never could be obliterated from the minds of the spectators. On one of these he appeared in the character of Lear. The performance was altogether one of his happiest efforts; but the concluding scene of the first act, in which the aged monarch imprecates the curse of Heaven on his daughters, was awfully grand and impressive, and produced such an effect as we have scarcely ever witnessed. On the other occasion to which we refer, he undertook, at a short notice, the difficult part of Richard the Third. This arduous task he executed with great ability and complete success.

Mr. Murray possessed many qualifications for an actor which were of the first order. His perception was remarkably quick, and he penetrated at once the meaning and spirit of his author. His conception of his parts were, on this account, always remarkably correct and judicious. His distinguished excellence in this important respect was displayed in a peculiar manner in his delineations of Shakspeare's characters, and in his readings of obscure or disputed passages in the text. He had studied Shakspeare with great attention and success. This circumstance introduced him to the notice of Mr. George Steevens, among all the commentators upon our immortal bard one of the best qualified for the undertaking, and the most happy in his conjectural criticisms. Mr. Steevens, when at Cambridge, had frequently seen Mr. Murray perform at Sturbridge fair, at the time he was engaged

with the Norwich company, and being struck with the unusual correctness with which he gave the meaning of his favourite author, sought his acquaintance, and patronised him in his profession.

Mr. Murray's face was full of expression. His features were perhaps wanting in prominence and strength to give the full force to the more turbulent passions; but they were most admirably adapted to exhibit all the finer and more delicate emotions, and to awaken in the breasts of his audience all the sympathetic feelings which those emotions are calculated to excite. His eye, too, was remarkably quick and penetrating, and imparted great life and animation to his performances.

His voice had great beauties, but it had also great defects. His lower and middle tones were exquisitely soft and melodious, and hence his unrivalled excellence in Old Norval, and parts of that kind, in which he never failed to find his way to the heart. But his upper tones wanted strength and firmness, and when he was called to more than common exertion in some of the higher parts of tragedy, he frequently became hoarse, and consequently failed to give the full expression to his conceptions.

In person, Mr. Murray was about the middle size, rather inclined to stoutness. His deportment was always remarkably easy and graceful. In Genteel Comedy this gave him great advantage, and imparted an indescribable air of dignity to his performances. In one respect it obtained for him a preference behind the scenes, of which few actors are very ambitious. Whenever the audience were disposed to pick a quarrel with the managers or performers, and were led to express their feelings in a very unequivocal manner by noise and uproar, Mr. Murray, if in the house, was generally selected as the medium of negotiation, and the minister of peace between the parties. On such occasions, the gentlemanlike ease and dignity of his manner, and the conciliatory tones of respectful remonstrance or of humble supplications, with which he addressed his incensed and turbulent auditory, commonly disarmed their hostility, and restored them to good humour. Like Henderson, Mr. Murray was distinguished as an elegant and impressive reader. He was peculiarly happy in his readings of Sterne, and his delivery of the admirable story of Lefevre was a masterpiece in its kind, in which humour and pathos were most exquisitely and affectingly blended.

About four years ago, the progress of a paralytic attack obliged him to quit the stage; and he had but recently been removed to Edinburgh, in order to be nearer his children, and under their attentions he breathed his last.

Mr. Murray has left four children, two of whom have adopted his own profession. His eldest son, Mr. William Murray, is now the able and popular manager of the Edinburgh theatre. His daughter is the well-known widow of Mr. Henry Siddons, and the proprietor of the theatre which is under the conduct of her brother. Of her we shall merely say, that her excellencies as an

actress, in those parts which she has selected as best suited to her genius and talents, are surpassed only by the virtues which compose the grace and ornament of her life in her social and domestic circle.

The Drama.

[Note.—Written for last Saturday, but postponed, owing to the press.]

THE Theatres, during the past week, have presented more of variety than of critical interest. At Drury-Lane, Mr. Kean made his *début* for the Season as the *Third Richard*: his performance of the character was unaltered, and consequently did not seem to call for the 99th notice, which it has received from the daily press.

Lost Life, an afterpiece, stretched into three acts for a forepiece, has also been produced at this theatre. The materials for the plot are of honourable dramatic antiquity; but at least two of the characters are new, and not ill-conceived. The first is a *Milliner*, (Mrs. Edwin—"ever fair and young,") adopting several *aliases* at a fashionable sea-bathing place, in order to hook a husband; and the second a *Poet* of the Cockney-school, (Mr. *Harley*.) This part he dressed and acted excellently, and had the Author given it more substantiality, (if substance can be given to "airy," or, agreeably to the school, "hairy Nothing,") it might have been much more effective on the Stage. As it is, the sketch is a happy one, and the parted hair, *à la Raphael*, and delicate imbecility of the Syllabus bards of Cockaigne, are well hit off. Nevertheless the thing altogether is prolix, and has too small a pickling of wit and humour to preserve it long sweet, though *Munden, Knight*, and other good Comedians lend it the salt of their genius.

At Covent-Garden, the unfortunate *Venison Party* (see No. 251) was not relished. As it has therefore gone to the mouldy tomb of the Capulets, we shall only say, that it was from the *Paté d'Anguille*, and had not, perhaps, point enough to insure success.

Miss Tree re-appeared as *Viola* on Tuesday, to the delight of an admiring public. She is deservedly a favourite, and the fear of losing her seems to have increased her popularity.

On Thursday, a Miss *Bakewell* made her first appearance as Mrs. *Huller*. She is deficient in voice, in countenance, in person, and in action, for the higher walk of Tragedy; and seemed only powerful in a junto of noisy friends, who raised a clamour for the repetition of her performance, when the *Erle* was announced. Their yelling was disgraceful to the theatre of a polished people, and in the boxes behind the dress-circle, some young men, apparently drunk, seemed to mistake *Covent* for a *Bear Garden*.

The managers certainly deserve praise for trying on every side for a tragic Actress, so deplorably wanted; but there might, we think, be some discrimination in their selections, to save us from a long line of Mrs. *Huller's* who

"Come like Shadows,—So Depart."

Foreign Drama.

DRAMA EXTRA.

A NEW YORK Journal contains the following ludicrous account of the performances of a *negro amateur corps* in that city; to preface which it may be necessary to state, that the measures in Congress for the emancipation of the black slaves, are represented as having the effect of greatly exalting the notions of the coloured race.

"We noticed," says the Editor, "some time ago, the opening of a tea-garden and evening serenades for the amusement of our black gentry; it appears that some of the neighbours, not relishing the jocund nightly sarabands of these sable fashionables, actually complained to the Police, and the avenues of African Grove were closed by authority; and thus were many of our ebony friends excluded from a participation in those innocent recreations to which they are entitled, by virtue of the great charter that declares 'all men are equal.' These imitative inmates of the kitchen and pantries, not relishing the strong arm of the law thus rudely exercised, were determined to have some kind of amusement, and after several nightly caucusses, they resolved to get up a *play*, and the upper apartments of the neglected African Grove were pitched upon for the purpose. *Richard the Third*, after mature deliberation, was agreed upon, and a little, dapper, woolly-headed waiter at the City-Hotel personated the royal Plantagenet. As may be supposed, some difficulties occurred in the cast of characters and suitable costume. King Richard had some robes made up from discarded merino curtains of the ball-rooms; and from a paucity of actors, some doublets occurred, as thus: King Henry and the Duchess Dowager were represented by one and the same person, while Lady Anne and Catesby were sustained by another. The room was decorated with some taste, and chairs were placed by the wings for two clariotons.

"If any proofs are wanting of the native genius and vigour of thought of our coloured fellow citizens, surely their conception of Shakspeare will be sufficient, and how delighted would the bard of Avon have been to see his *Richard* performed by a fellow as black as the ace of spades. However, let us review the performance according to the best and most equitable rules of criticism.

"The person of Richard was on the whole not amiss; yet it was perceived that the actor had made the King hump backed, instead of crooked back, having literally a hump behind his neck little less than a camel's. Shaping 'the legs of an unequal size,' was also difficult, but was overcome by placing false calves before, and wearing a high-heeled shoe. The entrance of Richard was greeted with loud applause and shaking of handkerchiefs by the black ladies in the front seats, and many whispers went around of 'how well he looks.'

"Richard, nothing daunted, made two or three of his best sideboard bows, then drawing himself up with native dignity,

thrusting his fingers through his wool, and placing his arms a kimbo, he began,—
"Now is de vinter of our discontent made glorius summer by de son of New-York."

"Considerable applause ensued, although it was evident that the actor had not followed strictly the text of the author. Proceeding tranquilly in the soliloquy he made a pause, and continued thus:—

"Instead of mounting *Barbary steeds*,
To fright de souls of fearful adversaries,
He caper nimbly in de lady chamber
To de lascivious *playings* of de flute."

"Lady Anne was sustained with great spirit by a young sable lady, chambermaid to a family near Park-place; her idiom was about the same as Richard's, but she had not as correct conception of the part, as she always danced on the stage, instead of the pensive march of the afflicted Queen.

"The courting scene was imitatively fine, particularly when Richard confesses his passion.

"Ah! take de pity in dy eye
And see um here."—(Kneels.)

Anne.—Would dey were brass candlesticks
To strike de dead."

"This Lady Anne accompanied with a violent action, such as seizing the king by his wool, shaking him furiously, and finally dashing him on the earth, which was certainly very characteristic.

Varieties.

Extraordinary Travels.—"A German, accompanied by proper attendants, went on a mission to Tombuctoo, from the French army in Egypt, and on his route, hearing of the defeat of the French army by Abercrombie, resolved to proceed, rather than become a prisoner to the English. He lost three of his attendants during his journey. They crossed a desert in 53 days, in about the centre of which they discovered three human skeletons, by the side of one of whom was a belt with a chronometer and compass attached to it, one of them made by Harris, the other by Marchmont, this circumstance leaving little doubt that they were English travellers.

This German traveller made his way to the Cape; if true, one of the most extraordinary accomplishments of the kind on record. He went from thence to the East Indies, is now in London, and intending to publish his book." Of this story, particular as it appears to be, we need scarcely say, that we are extremely doubtful.—Ed.

The Paris Papers say, that it will be half a year before M^{lle} Cinti comes to the London Opera for three months: they insist more vehemently than the matter seems on its face to require, that she is only a very agreeable *Seconda Donna*.

Cast Iron Palace.—Prince Labanow is, according to the Journals, about to erect a Palace of Cast Iron, at Moscow, ornamented with forty-two colossal columns of the same metal!

Meteorological Journal.

NOVEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 8.	from 34 to 49	30.15 to 30.10
Friday 9.	from 33 to 48	30.12 to 30.10
Saturday 10.	from 36 to 53	30.08 to 30.09
Sunday 11.	from 39 to 47	29.94 to 29.60
Monday 12.	from 45 to 57	29.79 to 29.96
Tuesday 13.	from 35 to 56	29.91 to 29.77
Wednesday 14.	from 50 to 60	29.74 to 29.78
Rain falls during the week 1 inch and .075 of an inch.		
Thursday 15.	from 50 to 63	29.74 to 29.51
Friday 16.	from 48 to 54	29.43 to 29.36
Wind S. b. W. 3.—Cloudy, with heavy rain all the morning; the rest of the day generally clear. The rapid fall of the rain caused so immediate a flood, that many were in danger, and much damage was done to property.		
Saturday 17.	from 43 to 55	29.56 to 29.64
Sunday 18.	from 48 to 59	29.78 to 30.08
Monday 19.	from 35 to 63	29.93 to 29.96
Tuesday 20.	from 35 to 50	29.93 to 29.75
Wednesday 21.	from 43 to 48	29.68 to 29.78
Rain fallen during the week 2 inches and .275 of an inch.		

Eclipses of Jupiter's Satellites.

Monday 26, 7 h. 30 m. 26 s. 2nd sat. emersion.	
Tuesday 27, 11 h. 21 m. 30 s. 1st sat. emersion.	
Thurs. 29, 5 h. 50 m. 29 s. 1st sat. emersion.	
Thurs. 29, 6 h. 43 m. 36 s. 3rd sat. emersion.	
Lat. 51. 37. 32. N. Lon. 0. 3. 51. W.	
Edmonton, Middlesex.	JOHN ADAMS.

To Correspondents.

Erratum.—Instead of "Ponn" read "Penn," in An Examination of the Primary Argument of the Illad, (last Advertisement in No. 223.)

Advertisements.

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